

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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WINTER TIME.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.



It was the day after Christmas. How full Ainslee's stocking had been I don't know, but if all the things lying on the bed before him had been Christmas gifts, it must have taken at least two of his grandfather's long-legged ones to hold them. It was broad daylight, almost dinner-time, and yet there sat Ainslee in his little dressing-gown, leaning back against the pillows, and not half so fat as when we first saw him walking up from the barn with the chicken he had hugged to death. Ainslee would turn very red if you should ask him what was the matter, so I must begin at the very beginning and tell you myself.

Uncle Arthur, with his three children, had stayed at grandpa's till nearly the middle of December, and little John and Lizzie too, so that when you counted Sindy who was there every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, there were seven children, "raising Cain every blessed minute," Ann said. Rainy days, mama had a fire built in the old garret where she had had a stove put up, and here they played games,

and cracked butternuts, and dressed themselves in the old-fashioned clothes they dragged from the chests and trunks; and when they were tired of this, raced down to the cellar and ate apples, or sucked grandpa's cider, till it was a wonder that he had one drop left.

By and by came a morning when Ainslee had to say good-by to each one, and was left alone again; and for a day or two he was so lonesome and forlorn, mama hardly knew what to do with him. Very little snow had fallen, so far, and he ran about out-of-doors quite as much as in the fall.

This particular morning he and Sindy had been cracking the ice in the Aquarium with a hammer, and looking through the holes to see if the shiners were still alive, and now, a little tired, were sitting on a log and resting. Ann came out with a basket of clothes to hang on the line, and old Mrs. Culligan, who always came up to help with the washing, walked out from the back-kitchen and toward the oldest well, with a pail in her hand.

There were two wells at grandpa's. One close by the house, from which the water was carried into the kitchen, and another very old one, dug years and years before, and with a long well-sweep, which had been left there, because all the children when they came home liked to find the old well as it had been when they were little, and to drink the clear, cold water from the same bucket.

Mrs. Culligan would never rinse her clothes in any water that did not come from this old well, and Ainslee knew that she would carry in two or three pailfuls before she stopped.

"I say, Sinny," said he. "I'm goin' to get on the end o' the well-sweep and sit there, and Mrs. Culligan won't know what's holding it down, and she'll pull and pull, and when it begins to go up, I'll jump off."

"Come on, then," said Sinny, who thought it would be fine fun, and off they ran.

The well-sweep was fifteen or twenty feet long, and so heavy that its own weight would

"What on airth's the matter with the sweep?" said Mrs. Culligan. "It went well enough a minute ago," and she took a stronger hold, and gave a great jerk. Up went Ainslee into the air, too late for his jump.

"Land alive!" said Mrs. Culligan, so astonished, that she let go of the rope at once. Thump went the well-sweep down again, and thump went Ainslee with it, rolling over and over as he touched the ground, and, finally, picking himself up with a very scared face, crying louder than he had ever been known to before. Sinny turned and ran home fast as his legs would take him, and Mrs. Culligan, pouncing on Ainslee, carried him into the house, and set him down before his mother, who had run into the kitchen when she heard his screaming.

"Of all the boys that ever I see, he's the mischievousest," said Mrs. Culligan. "You never can know one minute what he's going to do the next. You'd better see if he hain't broke some bones."

Ainslee by this time was very pale, and mama picked him up and carried him into his grandmother's room.

"What now?" said grandpa.

"He's been a-ridin' on the well-sweep," said Mrs. Culligan, who had followed, "an' I was took so all of a heap a-seein' him up there, that I jest let go, an' he went down bang."

"Ask Mr. Culligan to go for the doctor," said mama, who had been feeling of Ainslee's arms and legs. "He has broken his collar-bone, I'm afraid."

Mama lifted him again and carried him to her own room; by the time Dr. Marsh got there, he was undressed, and lying very still, for every motion hurt him.

"Been haying again?" asked the doctor, as he walked into the room.

"No, sir," said Ainslee, who did n't want to tell how it had happened, if he could help it.

"He went up on the well-sweep, and down again with it," said mama, "and in falling he has broken his collar-bone, I think. It is swelling badly there."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Doctor, after examining Ainslee. "It must be set at once," and after a moment's looking into a little bag he carried, he turned to the bed again.

Before Ainslee could object to the very strong smell of something on a handkerchief which was put to his face, he did n't know any thing at all. When he opened his eyes again, it was to find



lift up the bucket after any body had lowered it into the water. The end rested in quite a thicket of bushes, over which a Frost Grape climbed, so that even though the leaves were gone, Ainslee was nicely hidden, and nobody would have known he was there.

Sinny walked toward the summer-house, looking very innocent as Mrs. Culligan came out with her pail, and setting it down by the well, took hold of the bucket and began to pull, while the fifty pounds of mischief on the end sat still.

himself still flat on his back, something pressing on the bones of his shoulder and neck, and Dr. Marsh by the window, dropping a dark liquid from a bottle into a spoon.

"What you been a-doin'?" said Ainslee.

"Fixing you up, so that in two or three weeks you can go out and break your neck," answered Dr. Marsh. "If you go on like this, you will be all in little bits by the time you are a man, and mama will have to carry you about in a carpet-bag. One of your bones is broken in two now, and it won't take long to do the rest."

"Yes it will," said Ainslee, beginning to cry again. "I would n't a-gone up if I'd known I should crack myself comin' down. This thing on my shoulder hurts me. I want it off."

"Don't touch it," said mama, as Ainslee gave the pad a little pull. "That is to keep the bones together, and you must try to be very patient with it. The stiller you are, the sooner you can get up again."

"Can I go down to supper?" asked Ainslee.

"No indeed," said the Doctor, coming up with the teaspoon, "nor to a good many suppers. You must lie still at least a week, and you will have your suppers brought up on a little waiter."

"Nothing but suppers?" said Ainslee. "No breakfasts?"

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Marsh. "Take this now, and it will keep you from having a headache."

"No it won't," said Ainslee, "for I've got one now;" but he swallowed the medicine, which did not taste bad at all, and the Doctor went away in a few minutes.

"Grandpa brought me a letter from papa, just before you were hurt," said mama, sitting down by the bed, and laying her cool hand on his forehead. "What do you think it says in it?"

"I don't know; what does it?" asked Ainslee.

"Papa wants us to stay here all winter," mama answered. "He must be in California until May, for he is doing something with Uncle Ainslee, by which he expects to make a great deal of money. So instead of going back to New York the first of January, we shall stay right on here. How shall you like that?"

"First rate," said Ainslee, "only I want to go to school."

"You will not be able to go anywhere before January," said mama. "I do hope, having to lie still so long, with all the trouble it brings, will keep you out of so much mischief when you get well. Poor Mrs. Culligan is crying now over your broken bones."

"She did n't break 'em," said Ainslee. "I did it every speck my own self. Call her up here, mama."

Mama called her, and presently Mrs. Culligan came in with red eyes, and cried again, as she saw him on his back.

"Deary me!" said she. "To think that you really did break a bone! I would n't a-pulled you along in so, if I'd a-thought you was any thing more than scared."

"You did n't hurt," said Ainslee. "I say, Mrs. Culligan, won't you bake me a little round short-cake, just like the one you did when I came down to play with Jo?"

"That I will," said Mrs. Culligan, "an' I'll bring it you to-morrow."

When to-morrow came, Ainslee did not want it, for his head ached and he was very feverish. This lasted only a day or two, and then he was hungry all the time, and wanted more than Dr. Marsh thought he ought to have. He grew very tired of lying still, and if Uncle Ainslee had been at home, would have begged for stories all day. Grandpa told him some, and so did mama, and she read him a great many. Sinny came down again, the same day Ainslee was hurt, and cried so forlornly when he heard of the broken bone, that Ann, who had meant to scold him very hard, changed her mind, and gave him a cake. Ainslee called for him, when he grew a little better, and Sinny sat on the foot of the bed and told him every thing he could think of that was going on.

Christmas came while he was still in bed. Mama hung up grandpa's largest stocking for him, and Ainslee had a locomotive and train of cars, which ran all about the room when they were wound up; a music-box, which played five tunes, and a bag of marbles; candy of course, and I can't tell you how many other things.

Ainslee gave Sinny a duck which swam about in a basin of water when a little magnet was held before it; a steamboat which did its sailing on the floor, and was wound up beforehand, like the locomotive; and the "History of the Five Little Pigs." Nurse, who never had got over his falling in the pig-pen, said he ought to have kept this, and had it read to him every day.

So you see it was quite a Merry Christmas, and the day after was merrier still, for Ainslee, who had sat up in bed all the morning looking at his new playthings, was dressed and carried downstairs, and when the Doctor came, was sitting up in grandpa's great chair, having a very good time, with a bowl of chicken soup and a saucer of jelly.

" May n't I begin to walk right away ? " said he.

" To-morrow," said Dr. Marsh. " Only a little though, for you are not strong yet, but more the next day, and perhaps all you want the day after."

" When may I go out-doors ? " asked Ainslee. " Look at all the snow, and there's my new mittens 'most spoiling 'cause they can't make snowballs. See 'em ! Grandpa put 'em in my stocking, and there's red, white, and blue round the tops. Ain't they nice ? "

" Splendid ! " said the Doctor. " Now, good-bye, for I'm not coming again till you break somewhere else," and he ran out through the snow to his gig, sending a great ball against the window as Ainslee looked out.

" Oh let me have some for ice-cream, like what Lizzie told about making," said Ainslee. " Just a little, mama."

Mama hesitated a moment, but finally went for some milk and sugar. Ainslee squeezed the juice of one of his oranges into a bowl, and then put in the milk and sugar, and mama stirred in the newly-fallen snow till the mixture was thick like real ice-cream. Sunny, who had just come down, had his share, and mama, who tasted it, thought it so good, that she said she did n't know but she should make a great bowlful all for herself.

The days went swiftly by. Ainslee was well again, and in so much new mischief, even without Sunny, who went to school every day now, that at last it was decided that he too should go. Then the question came up, to which one ? There were two schools: one large one in the village, a full mile away, which had three departments; the Primary, the Grammar School, and the High School, to which almost all the large boys and girls in town went. The other one was only a small District School, half a mile or so from them, and kept this winter by a very good teacher, it was said. Only twenty or thirty children went to it, and Mrs. Barton thought it would be better for Ainslee, than sending him to the Primary School, where there were almost twice as many.

Ainslee knew his letters, and that was all. Indeed he would not have known those, had it not been for trying to teach the baby, who was just old enough now to pull herself up by chairs, and to say parts of very little words. Sunny could spell pretty well in three or four letters, and rather looked down on Ainslee, who did not care a bit.

" Papa says he don't want me to have little specks o' legs, an' no shoulders, like lots o' the New York boys," Ainslee said. " I'm gwin' to be a real country boy, and grow eleventeen, feet tall. I could lick you this minute if I was mind to, Sunny."

Sunny stood on the backdoor step, making a final call before going home to supper, and, at first, thought he would ask him to try it; but remembering a punch or two received from him that very day, thought, on the whole, he had better not, and so kept still.

" To-morrow's Wednesday, and I'm going to school," Ainslee went on, after waiting a moment.

" Which you goin' to ? " asked Sunny.

" Yourn," said Ainslee; " Miss Barrett's school, and I'm going to take my dinner every day."

Grandma called just then, and Sunny ran home. Mama, who had walked down that afternoon to see Miss Barrett, and find out what books Ainslee would need, had bought him a Spelling-book and Reader in the village, and a card with the Multiplication Table on it. Ainslee was so excited, he could hardly eat his supper, and looked at the pictures in the Reader till bed-time.

Next morning came, and Ainslee would put on his rubber boots before breakfast, which he ate very fast indeed, in order that he might be sure to be in time. Grandma put up a delightful lunch of biscuit and butter, and a mince turnover, in his tin box; and Ainslee, after a hug which almost choked mama, stumped out, swinging his books in their strap, just as if he had always been to school. Sunny met him outside the gate, his books in a strap too, and a little basket in his hand.

" What you got for your dinner, Sunny ? " asked Ainslee. " I've got mince-pie turnover for mine."

" I've got a sassage, an' two apples, an' a lot o' bread and butter," said Sunny. " You give me a bite o' your pie, an' I'll give you two bites o' my apple."

Two or three children came along just then who said, " Holla, Sunny ! " and looked sharply at Ainslee. He knew one of them a little, whose name was Tom Martin, and who was dragging a red sled after him.

" Oh, can you ride on a sled ? " said Ainslee. " Will the teacher let you ? "

" I guess she could n't hinder us," said Tom. " She's cross enough to, if she could."

" Is she cross ? " Ainslee began, but Tom gave him a jerk.

"Look out! there she comes now;" and Ainslee, looking back, saw a rather tall lady walking briskly over the narrow path. She just nodded her head as she went by, and gave Ainslee a look through her gold-bowed spectacles, as much as to say, "So you're the new boy!"

"She's got glasses on," said Ainslee. "She's awful old, is n't she?"

"Not so very," answered Tom. "She ain't as old as my father, quite, he says. He used to go to school with her, and she's always wore glasses, and she's thirty-one years old."

"My!" said Ainslee, who thought how queerly she must have looked when she was a baby, in a long white dress, and those spectacles on her nose, but by this time they were at the school-house door, and he made no more remarks just then.

The school-house stood on a hill, as school-houses in New England almost always do. There was first a little bit of a room, where the children hung their things, and left their dinner-baskets, and where the water pail stood; then came the school-room, low and square, the desks rising gradually to the back, where the larger children sat,—boys on one side and girls on the other. In front were two low benches for the very youngest, put right before the teacher's desk, so that she could watch them every minute, and here Ainslee was told to take his place. Sinny and one other little boy sat on the same bench, and on the other side were two little girls, whom Ainslee began to look at immediately.

Miss Barrett asked his name, and wrote it in a book, after which she called the roll. Ainslee said "Present!" with all the rest, and felt very fine that at last he was really at school. Then he listened to hear what names the little girls would answer to. The one he thought he should like the best, turned out to be Amanda Martin; and the one next to her, Maria Jones; and the small boy sitting by him was Sampson Simons.

Miss Barrett read a chapter in the Bible, and then rapping sharply on the desk, called, "First class in reading, take their places."

Seven or eight of the larger boys and girls came forward, and Ainslee watched them curiously as they toed the mark, and put one hand behind them, keeping it there all the time, except when a leaf was to be turned over. After the reading had ended, they spelled some of the harder words, and both hands were put behind them then. How they did behave, too! One pair in particular, belonging to a little boy with

very red, curly hair, were not still a minute, but poked one neighbor, and pinched another, and at last pretended to be slapping the reader which was held in them, till Ainslee could not bear it, and laughed aloud.

"Who did that?" said Miss Barrett, taking up her ruler.

"Me, ma'am," said Ainslee, with a red face.

"What for?"

"'Cause I could n't help it, ma'am."

"One bad mark to begin with, sir," said Miss Barrett. "If you get another, you'll have to stay in at recess."

Ainslee sobered at once, and looked down at his Spelling-book, but a new class being called, he looked up again to watch that, and altogether was so interested, that the hour-and-a-half to recess seemed very short. Tom Martin taught him how to steer his sled, and took him down behind him once, and Ainslee made up his mind to ask his mother for one just as soon as he got home.

After recess Miss Barrett called him up to her desk.

"You will have to read and spell by yourself," she said, "until you catch up with Sampson and Sinny. How far are you in the Reader?"

"No where, ma'am," said Ainslee. "I've looked at all the pictures, though."

"Can't you read a word?" asked Miss Barrett, looking quite disgusted. "Such a great boy as you are!"

"Papa did n't want me to know how," said Ainslee, "so I did n't ever learn. I will now, though."

"Well, I should think it was time," said Miss Barrett. "Now, what's that?" and she turned to the alphabet, and began to point out the different letters with a pin. After he had said them all, she showed him how to learn a little spelling lesson, and told him to sit down and be good till she was ready for him agin. Noon came before his next lesson time, and Ainslee, with the rest, gathered about the stove till the dinners were eaten, and then went out again to the hill, where, before the bell called them in, he had learned to get to the bottom, without tumbling off his sled more than twice.

One class after another was called, and Ainslee, growing tired of studying, turned to Sinny, who was chewing something,—

"What you doing?" he whispered.

"Makin' a spit-ball; look a here," said Sinny; and rolling the wet paper into a little round ball, he watched till Miss Barrett's head was turned,

and threw it at one of the boys in the class before them, who happened to be so busy saying a table, that he did not notice it.

"Where'd you get the paper?" said Ainslee, charmed with the experiment. Siny showed him a torn leaf in his spelling-book, which must have already supplied a good many.

Ainslee tore off a bit, and soon had just such another little ball in his own fingers. He would n't hit any body, he thought; he'd just throw it at the teacher's desk; and as Miss Barrett turned away again, he snapped it hard with his thumb and finger, as he often had beans and pease. Too hard, for the head came round again in a second, and the spit-ball was lodged on the left glass of those very gold spectacles.

There was a dreadful silence.

"Come here, you very bad boy," said Miss Barrett, taking off her spectacles and rubbing them with her handkerchief. "So this is the way you behave the very first day. Don't you know any better?"

"No, ma'am," said Ainslee. "I did n't know it was bad; I only thought *maybe* it was. I was n't goin' to hit your eye."

"I'll give you something to make you know for certain," said Miss Barrett, and putting a high stool on one side of her platform, she lifted him to it.

Poor Ainslee! How he felt as all the scholars stared at him. He stood quietly though, till he saw Sampson Simmons make a face at him, behind his spelling-book, and then burst into tears.

"I want to get down and go home," he cried. "I don't love to go to school."

"You never will love to when you're a bad boy," said Miss Barrett. "You've got to say your lesson now, so don't you cry any more."

Ainslee could not say his lesson then, and went on crying so hard, that at last Miss Barrett told him to run home, and be a better boy tomorrow.

Mama was surprised at his red eyes, and more so at his forlorn story, and Ainslee felt much better when he had told her every thing.

"I don't really think you meant to do wrong," she said, when he ended, "but you will know tomorrow that playing and throwing spit-balls are not right things to do. After this, you shall only go half a day; you will be better able to sit still and be quiet, if you are not in school so long."

Ainslee managed to be a very good boy the next day. Sitting still grew easier and easier, and he went on very well, till after a fortnight or so of school, when something happened, of which I shall tell you in another number.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

[See the Frontispiece by John La Farge.]

I.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddle
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?

Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! "
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that ? "
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
" Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Any thing like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! "

V.

" Come in ! " — the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire :
Quoth one : " It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone ! "

VI.

He advanced to the council-table :
And, " Please your honors," said he, " I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm

On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check :
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
" Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats :
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? "
" One ? fifty thousand ! " — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling,
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished !
— Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary ;
Which was : " At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So, munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me !
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
" Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles !
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats ! " — when, suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, " First, if you please, my thousand guilders ! "

IX.

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
" Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing
wink,
" Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for
drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! "

X.

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
" No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor :
With him I proved no bargain-driver ;
With you, don't think I'll beat a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI.

" How ? " cried the Mayor, " d' ye think I'll
brook
Being worse treated than a Cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst ! "

XII.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds jostling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clatter-
ing,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,

As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
 However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed ;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 " He never can cross that mighty top !
 He 's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop ! "
 When, lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
 And the Piper advanced and the children fol-
 lowed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way ;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say, —
 " It 's dull in our town since my playmates left !
 I can't forget that I 'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me.
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And every thing was strange and new ;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagle's wings :
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more ! "

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in !

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
 To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he 'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 " And so long after what happened here

On the Twenty-Second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : "
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street, —
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
 Of scores out with all men — especially pipers :
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
 mice,
 If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise.



A GOOD BEGINNING MAKES A GOOD ENDING.

BY HERMANN J. WARNER.

THERE is an old proverb that says, "A good beginning makes a good ending ;" and the proverb is very old indeed, for it comes down to us in substance, though not in the very words it is clothed in now, from distant ages in ancient India, and may be traced through the Phœnicians, and Samothracians, and Thessalians, till it is found finally established among the Romans. And so important a part did it play with them, so inwoven was it with all their thoughts and actions, that they invented a god expressly to embody the idea of the virtue there was in a good beginning, and the worship of this god becoming a part of their national religion, men's minds were thus kept constantly directed to the subject.

It is of this god I purpose to tell you at the opening of the year, for it was over the opening of the year that he presided ; and I do this for two reasons : first, in order to show you the wisdom there was in this ancient world, and how much may be learned from it ; and, secondly, in order to impress upon you, at the opening of your lives, this lesson, never yet too well learned, old as it is, of the good beginning.

Now you will find in almost all religions, but especially among the Greeks and the Romans, the idea of an encircling world of genii, or spirits, that hovered about men at all times to protect and guide them. In the house and out of the house, on the highway and in the field, an old Roman or Greek fancied himself attended by one of these guardian angels, who was ever ready to shield him from the bad spirits or demons that prowled about the world to seize upon mortals at unguarded moments or in lonely places. But these guardian angels were local in character, that is to say, they were confined to a particular place. Thus, when the Roman was in the house, he had one angel to guard him : when he was in the street, another. In the act of passing, however, from the house to the street, there was a moment when he was left unguarded, for the angel of the house left him at the threshold, and the angel of the street did not receive him till he had crossed it. At this critical moment, therefore, a bad spirit or demon might lay hold of him, and in order to prevent this, the pious old Romans imagined that there was another god whose office it was to protect them as they crossed the threshold ; and they called him the god of

the door-way, or of the passing over from one place to another, and so from one thing to another, and hence of the beginning. He was linked in friendship, they thought, with the angels that dwelt both outside and inside the house, and had his eyes always directed both ways ; hence he was figured with two faces, one looking behind him and the other before him.

In the course of time this conception was enlarged, and the god of the portal, of the crossing over, was represented as presiding over the opening of the year, because it is then we cross a threshold, and pass out of the old into the new. And from having two faces, he was thought to know both the past and the future ; and, moreover, to be master of the two doors of heaven, and to open the day at its rising, and to shut it at its setting. And from his standing on the threshold it was thought he was the intercessor between gods and men, transmitting to the gods the prayers of mankind ; and hence, when sacrifices were offered, he was invoked first, as being the door through which the worshiper had access to the god he was sacrificing to.

Now, a door, in Latin, was called *janua*, and hence the god of whom I am telling you, who presided over the door-way, was called *Janus*, and the opening month of the year, when we all cross the threshold and emerge from our old life, so dark as it may have been, perhaps, into the brightness of the lengthening days, into the glad New Year, when we begin once more to hope, and, conscious that the future can be and ought to be better than the past, resolve to make it so, — this opening month was called *Januarius*, or, as we say, *January*.

Others, indeed, have given a somewhat different signification to this old god, "Janus ;" and I shall barely allude to it, for I think the one that has been suggested is the most natural and poetical, full as it is of beauty that we can all appreciate, and wisdom that we can all apply.

According to Cicero, the real name of the god was *Eanus*, and was derived from the Latin word *eundo*, meaning *going*, because, as the god of time, he was always in motion ; and Longinus thought the month was called *Januarius* as being derived from *aion*, meaning time, and was therefore originally *aionoarios*. And a famous German scholar (Creuzer), whose doctrine is that all the

polytheism of the ancient world was but the splitting up into a thousand fragments of a great original idea of one God ruling over all things, considers Janus to have been the god of the door-way or portal, because he was at first conceived of as beginning and end, as the going out and the coming in,—just as the Phoenicians, according to Macrobius, denote by a serpent twisted round in a circle, biting and devouring its tail, that the world nourishes itself, supports itself, and returns back again into itself. So, when the Christian Church sings: "May God bless our going out and our coming in," you find a trace, perhaps, according to Creuzer, that has survived the destruction of the pagan worship, of this ancient way of expressing the conception of the one living God, or the universal Divine Providence.

But to return to the simpler conception of Janus as the god of the beginning. It will be found that no nation of antiquity attributed such importance to the beginning of a thing as the Romans. The idea, that "a good beginning makes a good ending," was a part of their religion, for the beginning was supposed to have some mysterious connection with the ending. Hence, Janus became the god of the beginning in general; he presided at the beginning of every occupation or undertaking, of the great public event of war, and the most trifling task of daily life in peace.

You must, all of you, have heard of the great temple, as it is commonly called, of Janus at Rome, the gates of which were open in war and closed in peace. But it is quite in accordance with the conception of him as the god of the door-way or portal, of the passing over from one place to another, and so from one thing to another, and hence of the beginning, that it has been made probable by the researches of modern scholars, that there never was any temple to Janus at all in Rome, but that what was called a temple, was nothing more than a great portal, or door-way,—many similar portals being found to exist in most ancient cities as well as in Rome.

But though invoked at all times, as I have said, at the beginning of every task or enterprise, the special festival of Janus was of course on the first day of the New Year, and a representation of him, as personifying the month of January, has come down to our time,—an old man arrayed in solemn robes of state, in the act of kindling incense upon a tripod, near which stands a cock, who symbolizes, of course, the awaking of Nature after the winter solstice.

In the gray dawn of that glad day, as soon as

the cock crowed, the door-posts of all the houses in Rome were gayly adorned with wreaths, and twigs of laurel; and presently there filed along the streets past those glittering temples, the ruined foundations and weather-beaten pillars of some of which may still be seen, and down through the Forum to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, on the Capitol Hill, a long procession of citizens and soldiers and priests, in the midst of whom was conspicuous the consul for the new year, robed in white, and seated upon a white horse, the emblem of the Capitolian Jove. And there, in that most famous of temples symbolizing the grandeur and power of Rome, a solemn service was performed to Jupiter, for that he had triumphed over Briareus, and conducted at last to a victorious issue the long struggle of Nature with the powers of Winter, and had put an end to the kingdom of darkness, and restored the supremacy of the Sun. And then the consul assumed the insignia of his great office, and Jupiter and Janus were invoked together to grant that a new period of prosperity, alike to the nation politically and to each citizen morally, might begin for the Roman race.

When this public ceremony was over, those private festive observances began, of which the Roman literature preserves so joyous a remembrance. And whatever one said or did, he took care should be pure and of good omen, since every thing that was said or done had a bearing upon the occurrences of the whole year. And so they put on their festal garments, and abstained from quarrels and oaths, and saluted each other as they met with good words, for the first word spoken was an omen of extreme importance, a notion of which traces still survive, perhaps, in our eagerness to wish each other a Happy New Year *first*; for I am afraid that, with all our enlightenment, we have a delight in little omens of good, and that many a child believed as devoutly in Santa Claus last Christmas, and hoped he would n't forget him, as these stately Romans believed in their old god Janus, with his key in his hand opening the New Year.

And they also made each other presents; the term for which, *strenæ*, is thought to have been quite significant, being derived, it has been suggested, from the same root as the Latin word *strenuus* (whence our word strenuous), as if expressive of the wish that the recipient might be strong and vigorous, as best conducive to a prosperous issue of the year; or as others, seeking a profounder meaning, explain it, *strena* was equivalent to *terna*, signifying a *threelfold* gift,—

three being regarded in oriental religions (whence the idea may have been borrowed) as the complete, perfect number, and therefore a symbol of health, moral as well as physical.

But the Roman mind was of a practical turn, and to give up the day to entire idleness would have been the worst possible omen for the New Year ; and so it became the custom for each one to transact his business, or exercise his calling or trade, for a while in the early hours of the day, in order thus to be sure of good luck in it during the year. And then each one made his gifts to the god Janus, of palm-dates and dried figs, (figs being an ancient symbol of purification and consecration,) and of snow-white honey in snow-white jars, because honey was the food of heaven, the source from which it came being thought pure and innocent, all "as a fair omen," as Ovid says, "that the like grateful flavor may attend upon our transactions, and that the year may go through in sweetness the course it has begun." And they also made presents of little coins to Janus, in reference to which Ovid says, in the discourse he has with him in the "Fasti": "I see why sweets are given you as presents, but tell me the meaning of the coin that is given you too, in order that I may understand every part of the festival." The old god Janus smiled and said: "Oh, how little are the habits of thy own times known to thee, who canst suppose that honey is sweeter than the acquisition of money !"

The primitive Christians, forgetting the wisdom and morality of the Roman emblems and conception of Janus, and assiduous to obliterate all traces of the pagan superstition, cast aside this joyous festal greeting of the year, with its profound significance and its pure aspirations, and celebrated the first of January as a solemn fast. We have now shaken off this incubus of gloom that fell so naturally upon the primitive Christians, fighting as they were with a world full of wickedness,—a world that had ceased to apply or even to remember the pure precepts of its early sages. But in all the history of man, I can recall nothing which presents in a single word such a picture of dreariness and distress as that which is suggested by the term our Saxon forefathers gave to this opening month of the year, this glad time of the new beginning, this joyous season, when, laying aside the burden of the old year with all its short-comings and failures and sins, we look forward with fresh and ennobling hope to the year that is to come with the ascending sun,—they called it the *wolf-month*, because, as the old chronicler says, with a simplicity that is sadness itself,—"the people were wont always in that month to be more in danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season else of the year, for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, these ravenous creatures could not find beasts sufficient to feed upon."

ON SQUIRRELS.

CHAPTER I.

It is too much to ask of every boy that he should know all the grand things there are in the fields and woods: where the woodchucks burrow and the young crows are hatched; where the biggest trout lie, and the strange-looking wood-flowers grow with shape like a moccasin; how to distinguish the birds by their notes; where to go to find the Scarlet Tanager, with plumage all ablaze, and where to hear the Hermit Thrush, whose clear, wild note carries one away in a twinkling a thousand miles from the haunts of men. All the woods and fields are a great museum of wonderful things, if any body has eyes to find them; but not all have open eyes, and not all have had advantages. Many unfortunate boys are house-

bred, and compelled to live in the city, and have never been permitted to run at large out-of-doors, and see for themselves, and learn the grand, free ways of the fields and woods.

But there is one out-of-door creature that every boy has seen, and no matter if it be for the thousandth time, his delight is equally fresh and keen,—the universal favorite of all boys in all time,—and that is the squirrel. The boy that should feel no exhilaration at the sight of a squirrel, must be a very slow boy, and will never come to much in the world. Of course his first impulse is to pursue him and throw stones at him; not because he wishes his favorite harm, but because one is a boy and the other a squirrel. It is Nature. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago we hear of the same creature among the old Greeks;

and have no more doubt that young Epaminondas, or, remoter still, young Ajax and Agamemnon, chased him about the thickets of Helicon and the shores of Salamis and the Ægean, than we have that they afterwards, on growing up to be heroes, chased wild boars and flying armies. Old Ulysses' dog, Argus, pursued great brown squirrels up the trees in the woods of rocky Ithaca, beyond all question, and stood wagging his tail expectantly at the foot whilst young Telemachus climbed up to shake them off, or brought them down with his bow and arrow.

From his way of cocking his tail over his back, the Greeks called the creature Shade-tail, — *skiouros*, — which word, after so long a time, has come to be considerably *skewed 'round* into our English word *squirrel*; but it is the same word, and still means Shade-tail all the same, if any body only knew it.

THE FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

If any boy has ever caught a squirrel and examined his teeth, — a very natural thing to do, for surely the boy has got bitten in catching him, — he will have noticed that the two front teeth, upper and under, are sharp and strong, and made expressly for gnawing. Squirrels belong to the great family of rodents or gnawers, whose main business in life seems to be gnawing. They almost disdain to eat any food that does n't have to be gnawed after, and when they are no longer hungry, they gnaw apparently for pastime. The rats, and mice, and hares, and woodchucks, and beavers, all belong to this family. The squirrel is never so happy as when gnawing a hole into a hard butternut; and the beaver even goes so far as to gnaw down the logs for his dam, and to cut and hew the timbers for his house, all with his teeth.

Now, although this incessant gnawing seems to be but a habit with them or a pleasant amusement, it is really a necessity; and curious as it is, if these creatures were all provided with nut-crackers and bark-graters, and should stop gnawing for six weeks, their front teeth would have grown so long that they could no longer shut their mouths. These teeth which were designed to be filed down daily by constant gnawing, would soon, by growing longer, begin to prop the mouth more and more widely open in the most absurd manner, till, being no longer able to eat, the animal would starve. I have myself seen a tame rabbit whose front teeth did not meet properly, and who was thus unable to gnaw. The poor creature was fed with a spoon, and kept alive, in this way, for

a long time; but its teeth became an inch or two in length, curling over like tusks, and it died at last of starvation.

There is a great variety of squirrels in the world, each region having its own peculiar kinds.

One of the most interesting is the common Brown Squirrel of Europe, a large and beautiful species, which, like all the other creatures there of the groves and forest, is protected by the government from guns and wicked boys, and, in consequence of this, has grown exceedingly tame. It is no uncommon thing in walking through the woods of Germany, to notice his handsome bushy tail whisking among the branches close over your head, or to see him scampering across your path in the most familiar manner. He is very often seen, and almost comes into the streets of the towns.

In Siberia squirrels are killed in great numbers for their fur, which, in this cold climate, becomes soft and thick, and is a valuable article of commerce. In other countries some species are of immense size. The Sciurus Maximus of Malabar, for instance, is as big as a cat, and about three feet long from nose to tip of tail. The Fox Squirrel of our Southern States is also a very large species, and his flesh is specially fine.

In our Northern States there are about five species of squirrels proper, — Gray, Black, Red, Striped, and Flying.

GRAY SQUIRREL. — This is decidedly the largest of the kinds just mentioned, — a handsome fellow, gray all over the back and tail, but a little tawny on the head and sides. He is easily tamed and made a pet of, becoming familiar as a kitten, and is the kind oftenest seen turning a wheel in cages, or riding on his master's shoulder. When wild, he is seldom seen out of the woods. He builds his nest of twigs and leaves in the branching of the largest trees, or in the hollow of a decayed tree-top. Here the young are reared, and here he retires within doors himself when the weather is bad; for he likes to be dry and clean, and abhors all wet and filth extremely, though in this respect he is perhaps not quite so extravagantly fastidious as the European Squirrel. The nest of this latter is so nicely thatched with leaves as to shed rain completely, and on the inside is lined soft with moss. The door-way, which is a round hole just big enough for him to enter, is closed inside when the rain comes on, and here he lies coiled up, dry and snug as a mouse, till the weather is to his liking again.

The flesh of the Gray Squirrel is excellent eating, and he is often hunted. He runs and climbs well, and is a magnificent leaper, as every boy knows who has ever been in pursuit of him. The best time to hunt him is usually early in the morning. He breakfasts at this hour, on chestnuts, perhaps, and then, after gnawing off an extra half bushel of chestnut burs just for the fun of gnawing, indulges in a half-hour's quiet barking expressive of satisfaction. But this betrays him. Perhaps the dropping chestnut burs had already done so. Crash goes the heavy fellow out of the tree-top in which the boy has at length found him. And now the chase begins. Plunge, plunge, goes the squirrel from one tree-top to another, making all sorts of downs and ups and zigzags just as the branches lead, chasing on all the while like a gray streak overhead, whilst the boy follows at full speed, gun in hand, and eyes among the tree-tops, leaping over fallen logs at the risk of his neck, and plunging through thickets, till at last, both out of breath, the squirrel reaches a fortress and disappears. His fortress is a big tree in which he has concluded to hide rather than get so dreadfully out of breath by running. "Now I've got you," thinks the boy, and prepares for vigorous siege. The tree stands quite alone, twenty feet clear space from the nearest one, and no hope of jumping. The boy walks cautiously round, inspecting every branch behind which a squirrel could hide, but no squirrel can be found. Now the boy might walk round the tree till nightfall, with his eye on the very branch on which the squirrel is hidden, and never find him except for one thing; for however small the branch, the squirrel lies close, with only one eye cocked over, and as the boy walks round the tree, he quietly slides over to the other side of the limb, and cocks his eye down the other way. But unluckily his long bushy tail is hard to manage, and he cannot always keep it properly tucked up. "Is that a bit of gray moss, or is it his tail?" thinks the boy. Yes, that's his tail, and there's his nose and one eye! Bang goes the gun, and away starts the squirrel un-hurt. "I've got you yet," thinks the boy. "It is too far to jump." But no! in another instant the squirrel has cleared the long distance by a grand leap, and catching upon the lower branches of the nearest tree, bends them heavily down in striking, and disappears among the leaves. Bang goes the other barrel, but it was too late, and the boy was too much excited. Before he can reload, the squirrel has reached a tall pine, out of which it will be impossible to dislodge him.

The **RED SQUIRREL** is the most familiar of all our squirrels. He is not over half as large as the Gray, but twice as nimble, and more graceful in form and movement, — really an elegant creature, but he lacks dignity a little, and his impudence is very provoking. He is quite fond of showing himself, and rather likes building his nest about the house or grounds, where it is less lonesome than in the woods. What he lives on, depends upon where he lives. If in the woods, he lives on nuts; if about the barn, he lives on corn; if in the big maple near the house, he has no objection to making his breakfast of fresh-laid eggs out of the old robin's nest close by; if in the woodshed, he has not the slightest scruples at stealing and carrying off the last one of all the great pile of butternuts you had laid up for your own use, — a frisky, whisky, frolicking, rollicking fellow, the target and delight of every boy, and especially the delight of the old cat, whenever she is sly enough to get her paws upon him.

The **BLACK SQUIRREL** is, in respect to size, about half-way between the Red and Gray. He closely resembles the latter in habits, and in every thing except color. He is very rarely seen in New England, but abounds farther west. He is perhaps a little less hardy and stout of nerves than the two last mentioned, as the following incident will go to show.

A lot of school-boys of us had been on a swimming frolic in Lake Ontario. Strolling through the wheat fields on our way back, we espied a Black Squirrel quietly tracing the zigzags of a Virginia fence. On seeing us, the squirrel ran with all his might, and we after him, shouting all the way in the highest glee. At length some of us got before him, when, seeing himself surrounded, he leaped from the fence and took to the fields, but here, too, he found himself pounced upon by half-a-dozen boys. Slipping through our fingers, he betook himself to the fence again, but, alas! only to renew his troubles: —

"Boys to the right of him,
Boys to the left of him,
Screaming in front of him,
Each like five hundred!"

When, what with the uproar and dodging this way and that, and getting struck at with clubs fore and aft, he lost his head entirely, and putting on a look of utter bewilderment, stood stock still, and surrendered at discretion, as much as to say: "Do kill me then, but don't make such a terrible noise about it." Poor fellow! we did n't

want his life, but only the fun of catching him, and so we let him go again.

STRIPED SQUIRREL.—This is a Ground Squirrel, and is usually called the chipmunk. He is smaller than the others, and most abundant of all. He never goes up a tree unless driven to it, and then is directly seized with a fit of dizziness. He is stubby and stout of limb, and well adapted to digging. His hole descends straight into the ground at first, and then winds off under ground for some distance. At the farther end is his nest, and here he lays up his winter supplies of provisions. There is a curious question about this hole. It is as round as if bored with an auger, with never a speck of dirt about its mouth. What has become of the earth that came out of it? He has a peculiar arrangement for carrying his provisions. His cheeks are two pouches opening inward, which he is quite in the habit of carrying crammed full of corn or other stores. He is a notorious thief about the corn-fields, and so indeed, for that matter, are all his kith and kin. Well for the boys in the remoter country, if the prospect of their depredations is sufficient to rouse the apprehensions of the farmers, for this gives occasion, in all probability, to a general Squirrel Hunt.

This comes off properly on 'Lection day, which is, throughout all the East, as every body knows, the last Wednesday in May, and includes, of course, not only squirrels, but all animals held in bad repute. Several days beforehand, the boys meet from far and near and arrange the opposing sides and the laws of the hunt. The two best shots are chosen chiefs. The larger kinds of game, hawks, crows, owls, woodchucks, polecats, etc., are to count twenty; the smaller, ten; and the smallest, such as chipmunks, etc., five. The hunt is to last three days.

What exploits of valor come off in those three days! What equipment of arms, from extra patent double-barrels to old queen's arms that grandfathers carried in the wars, and which are wont to do heavier execution at breech than muzzle; what accoutrement of knapsacks and game-bags; what watching at crows'-nests at peep-of-day; what rents of trousers and waistcoats in climbing for young hawks and owls; what drowning and smoking out of woodchucks; what sleeping in squads on haymows, to save the trouble of undressing, and to be up betimes; what a banging of fire-arms through all the fields and woods high and low, from day-dawn till dark; what faces begrimed with gunpowder, and what lusty

cheering at noon of the third day, when the heads of the game are counted, and the umpires have declared the victor! And now comes the banquet on the grass! The vanquished party must furnish the 'lection cake and small beer, and whole baskets full disappear with a relish that is quite extraordinary. The day is finished by a grand match game of ball, in which the same parties play against each other, and in which, perhaps, the tables are reversed, and the vanquished sportsmen consoled.

FLYING SQUIRREL.—The smallest, but by far the most curious of all our squirrels, is the Flying Squirrel. His beautiful soft fur is of a dun color, with a dark stripe on the sides; and on the belly it is white. His coal-black eyes are very large and protruding. Between his fore and hind legs is a membrane which is not noticeable ordinarily, but which the animal can stretch out at pleasure by spreading the legs. This is his apparatus for flying. When spread, it gives him an exceedingly flat and comical appearance, but he seldom spreads it except in the air. Having properly no wings, of course he cannot fly like a bird or bat, but running to the top of a tree, he leaps into the air, shoots swiftly downward, almost perpendicularly for a long way, and then extending himself into a surprising breadth and little thickness, he shoots upward again swiftly as a bird, and lands in a neighboring tree almost as high as when he started.*

Although there are plenty of them in the woods, he is very rarely seen by most people, for he is a nocturnal animal, keeping close all day. Those great eyes of his were made for the dark.

I once tamed a pair of these creatures when a boy, and the way of doing it was so peculiar that I am compelled to tell the story.

* Flying Squirrels do not flap the membrane in flying, though in observing them there has always seemed to me to be a tremulous motion, not observable except when very close, which I imagine helps sustain them. The means or process by which a bird—as a hawk, for instance—sustains himself on motionless wing, sailing round and round by the hour, is still an unexplained problem in science, as I understand it. Squirrels don't leap upward and then sink downward, but shoot downward and then rise upward toward the point they wish to reach, like a bird on expanded wing. They cannot reach a point quite as high as the point of starting, but they can come much nearer to it than one would imagine, and are able to clear a space many times as far as would be possible by leaping.

By extending their four legs in both directions, laterally and longitudinally, they stretch the membrane (which is fur-covered, and contracted upon their sides when running about, and not noticeable) almost on a line with their spread feet, making themselves so flat, that a flounder is nothing to them in comparison of flatness.



CHAPTER II.

HOW WE CAUGHT THE FLYING SQUIRRELS.

It was on a holiday. I had taken to the

woods with a playmate, in search of any thing that might turn up. In the depths of a high and remote piece of woodland, we came upon some charcoal-burners who were felling large oaks and building a coal-pit.

There is something in the felling of these immense trees that always has a fascination in it. You watch the bounding off of heavy chips from the strokes of the choppers, and the gradual approach of the two great gashes which their axes are making in the trunk. Then comes a sharp crack, and then a groan, and then a whizzing through the air, and a crash through the tree-tops, and at last a thundering down with a rebound, which makes the ground tremble under your feet, and the hills far and wide ring with the echoes. All is quiet again; only there is a great chasm in the foliage overhead, letting the sky look in, and the great oak that stood so tall and grand lies at your feet.

Such an oak was just being felled as we arrived among the coal-burners. All the while the men were chopping at its trunk, we noticed a strange commotion among some little creatures overhead, such as we had never seen before. They were scudding hither and thither among the branches, half running and half flying, shooting swiftly from tree to tree, and apparently in a state of great alarm. They were Flying Squirrels. As soon as the tree had fallen, we examined a large hollow at the top, and there, sure enough, was a nest, and in it a number of young ones. They were about half-grown, and not at all hurt. The colliers gave us a pair of them to our unmeasured delight, and reserved the rest for their own children at home, — though they all died, as we afterwards learned. Enveloping ours in a pocket-handkerchief, we left for home on a double-quick. It was a long way, and on arriving, our squirrels looked very drooping. The first thing, of course, was to feed them; but what was our dismay at finding all our arts, all our saucers and tea-spoons, and warm cow's milk, of no account. The silly creatures seemed determined to have their own way, and die whether or no. What was to be done?

HOW WE RAISED THEM.

We remembered to have heard it asserted that most creatures, even the most savage beasts of prey, would refrain from destroying any animal which they had once suckled. Here was a chance at once for saving our young squirrels, and making scientific experiments. Fortunately the old cat had young kittens, and, as a last resort, we

resolved to see if she could be brought to adopt them.

Visiting pussy's quarters — an old basket in one of the out-buildings — we found her in the blandest mood, reposing with three or four of her offspring in her arms. Covering her eyes with one hand, we quietly slid in our squirrels among the rest of the fur-covered tribe. The squirrels finding their noses once more in the soft fur, were reanimated at once, and lost no time in finding their way to their repast. We now took the hand away from pussy's eyes, and awaited the result.

At first she assumed a look of the utmost surprise and concern, starting, and looking at them with very large eyes, smelling them all over, and giving forth a series of little startled mews and calls, expressive of her extreme perplexity and maternal solicitude. That all those young were there, was a plain fact ; that they all belonged there, seemed equally apparent from their extremely familiar way of applying their paws and noses ; but how they all came there ? — that was the perplexity. After repeated attempts to solve the difficulty, going the ground all over anew as at first, she at last gave it up, and accepted the situation, and, putting on a mild look expressive of great satisfaction, and making a feint of turning over on her back to give room for the increased numbers, she managed to turn merely her head bottom upwards, and look very sentimental, as only an old cat can, and from that moment she took the same care of her new offspring as of the others.* They all grew up together in the same basket, the squirrels quite as tame and playful as the kittens, and coming toward maturity much faster. The curious pranks and ways of these creatures soon began to appear.

HOW THEY CONDUCTED THEMSELVES.

One of the earliest of their feats was to climb upon the rim of their basket, and poising themselves, sail from thence down into the midst of the family. The old cat always feigned surprise, and shook her head — especially if they happened to alight on her nose — but she liked it nevertheless, and was plainly proud of them. As they got their full size and strength, their maneuvers with their foster-mother were often very whimsical.

In the room in which they were, poles were suspended overhead for drying clothes. Here was their favorite play-ground, and from one of

* We afterwards made the same experiment with young mice, and with the same result.



these poles hung a small basket where they usually slept by day, and into which they fled for concealment at the approach of danger, as when

a dog entered, for instance. Now, the old cat, in watching their sports overhead, often got nervous for their safety, and sometimes attempted to remonstrate with them after her manner, or to call them down. Imagine her going through her whole vocabulary of mews and mows and mious, until, getting tired of coaxing, and getting the neck-ache from looking up, she at last sits down, and gradually falls into a doze. By this time the squirrels have got played out, and one of them, sailing down, makes straight for the top of the old cat's head. The latter, startled out of her doze, utters a cry of surprise, and makes a faint effort to shake off the little imp, who sticks fast, and goes riding off perched between her ears.

They lived about the house for several months, and were great favorites, partly on their own account, for they were full of all manner of playful ways, and partly on account of their curious history. They always claimed the right of search in all our pockets for nuts or other plunder, which, to tell the truth, were often put there for their express finding, and sometimes they even coiled themselves up and slept there if not dislodged.

The evening was their time for grand carousals. Over the old clock — as there always is over an old clock — was a pile of odd papers, old almanacs, and such like loose literature. Here they commonly made their first appearance, bringing down an avalanche of flying papers about the floor. At the table in the middle of the room, regularly sat our good father in the winter evenings, reading his newspaper by the candle-light, and gradually falling into a doze as he advanced, his head dropping forward and spectacles sliding full half-way down his nose. Here now is a golden opportunity for some waggish prank on the part of the squirrels. The smooth bald spot on the top of the old gentleman's head, thus remaining stationary for so long a time, attracts their notice as an admirable point to alight upon. Poising himself adroitly, one of them comes sailing down directly upon the chosen spot; but, unable to hold fast with the utmost effort of his claws on account of the slipperiness, goes sliding down over nose and face, carrying along with him both spectacles and newspaper in his course. The sudden start of the sleeper, the involuntary attempt to save the falling articles and to lay hands upon the flying intruder, of course are all comical enough. "*Charles, if you don't take care of your squirrels*" — but the threat breaks down in the midst of the general laughter, and nothing worse comes of it than the shutting up of the squirrels for the night.

At another time, a splash is heard in the pantry, and a squirrel is seen emerging out of the depths of a broad pan of milk, upon which the cream was quietly rising. The door had been left ajar by oversight, and the squirrel had taken the opportunity to explore the upper shelves for pumpkin seeds and various plunder, and, having finished his search satisfactorily, came floating down at venture upon the white surface below. Balancing himself for an instant on the edge of the milk-pan, to shake off the dripping cream, he loses no time in scudding to a place of concealment, justly fearing pursuit and punishment. This is of course a grave offence, and costs them three weeks' imprisonment.

At bed-time these nocturnal creatures always had to be securely caged, otherwise there was no sleeping in the house; for whenever they got loose, as they sometimes did, they had things their own way, and quite tore the house down about our ears.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

No household, especially in the country, is complete without the animal world. The long autumn and winter evenings, which are the delight and glory of the old homestead, even they lose half their snugness and charm, unless a wood-fire is blazing in the chimney, and the house-dog stretched out before it, and the cat slowly and contentedly winking in the corner. These singular little pets, too, had now become part of the winter household as well as the other domestic creatures. Tame flying-squirrels were something so unusual, that they attracted all the more interest, and we — especially the younger portion of the household — had counted much upon their curious ways for amusement in our long evenings at home, and felt quite desolate when they disappeared.

One of them — the biggest and liveliest one — dodged out at the door late one cold evening, in a frolic, and, forgetful of all prudence in the ardor of his play, refused to be coaxed or called in again. The last we saw of him, he was sailing back and forth between the chimney-top and a large apple-tree near by. Poor fellow! he froze before morning.

The other one followed soon after, swallowing cobalt-poison, which had accidentally been left within her reach, whether in grief for her lost mate, or by accident, no one could say. The servant saw her do the fatal act, and caught her up in her hand. Poor thing, she rolled over on her back, and died in a few minutes.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS."

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE LOU was six months old. He was born when the flowers were blooming, and all the birds were singing. Cold winter had come now, and killed the flowers, and driven away the birds, but it could not kill Lou, nor drive him away. He lay warm and happy in his mama's arms, or on his little bed, and did not know how cold it was out-of-doors. Oh how his mama loved him! How she wished his grandmama, and his four young uncles, and his Aunt Fanny, could see him! Don't *you* always want your mother to see every present you have? But you never had a present of a real live baby to show her.

Every time Lou laughed, and crowed, and clapped his hands, his mother longed to have every body in her old home see what a little darling he was. One day he was dressed in a pretty frock that his grandmama had sent him, his eyes danced and sparkled as his mama tossed him up and down, and she thought he looked like a little cherub. She said to his papa, —

"I *must* have my mother see Lou."

"It would be a pretty long journey to take with so young a child," said his papa. "Still, he would not be much exposed in the cars."

"And the rest of the way he could be wrapped up carefully," said his mama.

So, after a little more talk about it, Lou's papa decided that they should all go the next day. Then his mama kissed the little fellow ever so many times, and told him all about it; and though he did not understand a word she said, he knew by her joyful face that she was talking about something pleasant, and he laughed till his eyes shone with fun.

But now it was time to pack the trunks and get ready for the journey. All Lou's white frocks were looked over to see if they were in order; one wanted a button, and two wanted strings. Three or four had to be washed and ironed, and there were ever so many other things to do, so that every body was busy, and the whole house was in an uproar.

"Now, Lou," said mama, "I hope you'll take a long nap to-day, so as to give me time to get every thing ready for our journey. Dear me! how much there is to do! I hardly know where to begin!"

Papa said he would pack every thing in half an hour, and he took up a pile of clean, neatly-folded frocks, and rolled them up in a tight little roll, and squeezed them down into one corner of the trunk. Mama gave a little scream.

"Oh, how you are crushing and rumpling baby's best things!" cried she. "The beautiful embroidered dress his Aunt Edith gave him, rolled up into a ball as big as my hand! O Herbert, how *could* you!" Papa looked a little frightened.

"I don't know much about your finery," said he. "But give me something else. What are all these bottles for? Are you going to carry milk for Lou?"

"Did I ever see such a man!" cried mama, laughing. "I am going to take some currant jelly to mother; and some quince jelly to Fanny,—Fanny is so fond of quince jelly; and for the boys I have a few bottles of raspberry vinegar: that's all. I don't care how tightly you roll *them* up; the tighter the better!"

CHAPTER II.

IT was a cold evening, and grandmama, who had been sitting by the fire, knitting and reading, had at last let her book fall from her lap, and had dropped to sleep in her chair. The four uncles sat around the table, two of them playing chess, and two looking on, while Aunt Fanny, with her cat on her knees, studied German a little, looked at the clock very often, and started at every noise.

"I have said, all along, that they would n't come," she cried at last. "The clock has just struck nine, and I am not going to expect them any longer. I *knew* Herbert would not let Laura undertake such a journey in the depth of winter; or, at any rate, that Laura's courage would fail at the last moment."

She had hardly uttered these words, when there was a ring at the door-bell, then a stamping of feet on the mat, to shake off the snow, and in they came, Lou, and Lou's papa, and Lou's mama, bringing ever so much fresh, cold air with them. Grandmama woke up, and ran to meet them with steps as lively as if she were a young girl; Aunt

Fanny tossed the cat from her lap, and seized the bundle that held the baby; the four uncles crowded about her, eager to get the first peep at the little wonder. There was such a laughing and such a tumult, that poor Lou, coming out of the dark night into the bright room, and seeing so many strange faces, did not know what to think. When his cloaks and shawls and caps were at last pulled off by his auntie's eager hands, there came into view a serious little face, a pair of bright eyes, and a head as smooth as ivory, on which there was not a single hair. His sleeves were looped up with corals, and showed his plump white arms, and he sat up very straight, and took a good look at every body.

"What a perfect little beauty!" "What *splendid* eyes!" "What a lovely skin!" "He's the perfect image of his father!" "He's *exactly* like his mother!" "What a dear little nose!" "What fat little hands full of dimples!" "Let me take him!" "Come to his own grandma!" "Let his uncle toss him, — so he will!" "What does he eat?" "Is he hungry?" "Was he good on the journey?" "Is he tired?" "Now *Fanny*! You've had him ever since he came; he wants to come to me; I know he does!"

These, and nobody knows how many more exclamations of the sort, greeted the ears of the little stranger, and were received by him with unruffled gravity.

"The poor child is frightened out of his seven senses," said his mama, who had been laughing till she cried. "I ought really to undress and put him to bed."

Immediately every body had something to do in the best room, up-stairs.

Grandmama wanted to see that the little crib was in perfect order; Aunt Fanny was sure there were not towels enough on the rack; Uncle Robert said the baby was too heavy to be carried up in any arms but his own; Uncle Tom declared the fire must be getting low, and the two others followed with carpet-bags, cloaks, and umbrellas.

"What an important person I am in these days!" cried the young mama. "The whole family waiting upon me to bed! Perhaps some of you would like to rock me to sleep!"

There was more laughing and tumult, but at last she got every body out of the room; there was a great creaking of boots on the stairs, and the sound of people telling each other to "Hush!" in loud whispers, and at last all was still.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Lou awoke quite rested, and full of fun, and before his mama was dressed, Aunt Fanny came and knocked at the door.

"Well?" said mama.

"I wanted to know," cried Aunt Fanny through the key-hole, "if baby is awake, and if I might take him down-stairs. The boys are crazy to see him by daylight."

"Was there ever any thing like it!" said mama, to herself. She opened the door a very little way, and handed Lou out. Aunt Fanny seized him, and ran gayly down-stairs.

"I've got him," she cried, running into the dining-room. "I've got him! And he's the nicest and best and prettiest baby in the world!"

"Let me have him, Fanny, do," said Uncle Robert. "I shall have to be off directly after breakfast, and you can have him all day."

"I shall have to be off before Bob," cried Uncle Tom, "and I have barely seen the creature yet."

"Creature indeed!" cried Aunt Fanny. And she pressed the baby to her heart, covering it with kisses, and singing "Rock-a-by-baby" with all her might.

"How absurd you are, Fanny," said Uncle Frank. "The idea of trying to get the child to sleep as soon as it is up in the morning. Give me one fair look at him! Yes, he is a handsome fellow. I don't wonder you all say he is just like me." So saying, he contrived to seize Lou in his arms, and to escape with him from the room. Once out of sight of them all, he, too, fell to kissing and caressing the little pet in such a way, that one can't help being glad there is no such thing as being loved to death.

By the time breakfast was ready, every body had had the little fellow in his or her arms; he had been taken to the kitchen and exhibited to Mary and Martha, and made to pat Uncle Fred's dog with his little hand, and feel of Aunt Fanny's cat. Pussy, however, pretended that she did not care for him at all. When her young mistress, who always was so fond of her, and never read or studied but with her pet in her lap, had tossed her away in order to receive the baby, pussy's feelings were deeply hurt. "Ha!" she said to herself, "I shall not go into the parlor again while that child is here. I am not going to sit on the floor and see that strange boy up in my place! No indeed! Not I!"

So, all the while Lou stayed at his grandmama's, and he stayed six weeks, Miss Pussy pouted

in the kitchen, and never set foot in the parlor till the day he left, when she recovered her good humor, and went back as if nothing had happened.

After breakfast, Lou's uncles all went away to their offices and their business, grandmama went to the kitchen to talk with Mary about the dinner, and papa went out to take a long walk over the well-trodden snow.

Mama could now wash and dress her baby in peace, while Aunt Fanny looked on with wonder and curiosity.

"I suppose there is not such a thing as a cradle in the house," said mama, as she tied the last string of Lou's frock, and held him up to be admired in his fresh, clean dress.

"Why, no; ours was given to Jane — you remember our old Jane? Or rather, it was given

to Jane's daughter, when her first baby was born. Anyhow, it was a rickety old thing."

"I don't quite know where Lou will take his naps," said his mama. "I shall want to be where the rest of you are, and yet I can't feel easy to leave him alone."

"I can stay with him," said Aunt Fanny.

"Oh, but I shall want you to be where I am. I have at least five hundred things to talk about. Besides, I want Lou to keep up the habit of sleeping where every thing is going on as usual. At home I keep the cradle in the room where I sit with my books or my work; Herbert is constantly coming in and out, and never shuts the door gently — never; men never do, if they have ever so many babies. So I have trained Lou to sleep through every thing."

HUNTER AND TOM.

BY JACOB ABBOTT

CHAPTER I.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GRANT, Elvie's father, came into his counting-room in Pearl street one morning several years ago, as usual, about ten o'clock, and there, also as usual, he found a number of letters lying upon his desk, ready for him to read.

Some of the letters which came every morning from the post-office were addressed to the firm, and others, namely, those that came from Mr. Grant's private correspondents, were addressed to Mr. Grant personally. Those that were addressed to the firm being, of course, all business letters, were opened by the head clerk as soon as they came into the office. Those which were addressed to Mr. Grant personally, were laid upon his desk, that he might open them himself when he arrived.

A gentleman whom he called Colonel, came in with him on this occasion.

"Take a seat, Colonel," said Mr. Grant, "and amuse yourself with the morning paper a few minutes, while I see if there is any thing in these letters that requires immediate attention."

So the Colonel, as Mr. Grant called him, took his seat upon a sofa near a window, and began reading the paper, while Mr. Grant commenced looking over his letters.

"Ah!" said Mr. Grant, after a few minutes' pause. "here is a letter from Elvie!"

"Elvie is in the country, is n't he?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes," said Mr. Grant, going on at the same time with the reading of the letter. "He has been in the country all summer, under the care of a boy."

"Under the care of a boy!" exclaimed the Colonel, surprised.

"Upon my word he wants a horse," said Mr. Grant, still intent upon the letter. "A pony is not big enough for him. He wants a horse. I have not been so pleased with any thing I have heard this long time."

"I think you are very easily pleased," said the Colonel, quietly, "to be so much delighted because your boy wants a horse!"

"I am extremely delighted," said Mr. Grant, laying down the letter upon the desk again. "It shows that Elvie is beginning to feel strong and courageous. When he first began to ride, I was obliged to get him the smallest and gentlest pony I could find, and now he thinks he must have a horse."

Mr. Grant then went on to explain to his friend the Colonel that Elvie had been sick for a long time, and seemed to be gradually pining away, until at length he sent him into the cour-

try, and put him under the principal charge of August Rodman, up the North River; that he had been under August's care all the summer and fall; that he had improved in health and strength every month, and that now, before bringing him home for the winter, he — that is, Mr. Grant — had formed a plan for him to take a journey with August to the White Mountains, on his pony, thinking that such an expedition might harden and invigorate him more and more; that he had written to Elvie to propose this plan to him; and that now he had got an answer from Elvie, saying that he should like the journey very much, but that he must have a horse instead of his pony.

"He is getting too big for a pony, he says," added Mr. Grant. "Just think of that!"

So saying, Mr. Grant took up Elvie's letter and read it aloud to the Colonel, as follows: —

"DEAR FATHER: — I should like to go on the pony-journey to the White Mountains very much, if I could have a horse to ride instead of a pony. I am getting such a big boy that a pony is too small for me. Besides, a pony would get tired out in such a long journey.

"Your affectionate Son,
"ELVIE.

"P. S. — I can get on August's horse from the horse-block, without any body to help me."

"Does not that prove that the boy is doing pretty well?" said Mr. Grant, with a look of great satisfaction, as he laid down the letter.

Mr. Grant was right in this opinion. A boy's courage and enterprise depend in some measure upon his constitution, but still more upon the state of his health, and Elvie was now getting to be pretty well and strong.

In the course of the morning, Mr. Grant wrote and despatched an answer to Elvie's letter, as follows: —

"DEAR ELVIE: — I am very glad that you feel large enough and strong enough to ride a horse, though I think it will be best that the horse should not be too tall for you to saddle him. For the fact is, I want you and August, on this journey, to take care of your own horses all the way, just as if you were troopers in a campaign. The horses, therefore, in order that you may be able to groom them, and put them up in their stalls at night, and saddle and bridle them in the morning, must not be too large. I will look out a couple of horses of about the right

size for you; and next Saturday, if August can come with you to New York, you may come down together and see them.

"From
"FATHER."

Elvie, although he did not exactly like the suggestion of a *pony* for his mount, on such a journey, was very much pleased with precisely the same idea when presented in the guise of a horse of the right size for him to saddle and bridle, and to take care of in all respects, on the way. There is a great deal in a name, in dealing with boys of Elvie's age, and that Mr. Grant well knew.

CHAPTER II.

HUNTER AND TOM.

IT was in the latter part of the autumn that the journey of August and Elvie was to take place. That time was fixed upon, both because it was a pleasant season for travelling, and also because August's vacation, at his school, commenced then. On Saturday of the week before the school closed, August and Elvie went down to New York to see the horses which Mr. Grant promised to have ready for them.

August proposed that they should go down by the steamboat for the sake of the sail, but Elvie was so eager to see the horses, that he thought he could not wait for the steamboat, but must go by the cars. So he wrote to his father on Wednesday that he and August would come down to New York on Saturday morning, by the first train.

This plan was carried into effect, and when the train arrived at the station, and the two boys stepped out upon the platform, they found Mr. Grant there ready to receive them. He had come to the station on his way down-town, in order to meet the boys and take them in the carriage with him to see the horses.

He accordingly took them into the carriage, and directed the coachman to drive to the stables. On the way, he talked with them about the projected journey.

"Have you determined what route you will take, August?" asked Mr. Grant.

"No, sir," said August. "We shall go whichever way you think best."

"Oh, I don't know any thing about it," said Mr. Grant. "You and Elvie must look over the maps and gazetteers, and decide for yourselves

how you will go. There are a great many different routes leading through Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire, that you can take. If you like going up the Connecticut River Valley, you can go east from Tarrytown, till you come to the Connecticut River, and then follow the banks of it all the way up through Massachusetts, and between Vermont and New Hampshire, and then strike across to the White Mountains. Or if you prefer a more wild and romantic way, you can go up the North River — in a steamboat if you choose — as far as Troy, and then go across over the mountains in the western part of Massachusetts, till you get to the Connecticut River, and then follow the river up until you get opposite to the White Mountains. You must get the maps out, and read about the places in the gazetteers, and so decide which way of going you will like the best."

"Yes, August," said Elvie, "we will look on the maps. I have got a book of maps."

"You must have a travelling-map of New England," said Mr. Crant, "and carry it with you so as to trace out your way as you go along. You must have a gazetteer, too, to study before you go, though that will be too big for you to carry with you on horseback. By the gazetteer you can find out all about the towns along the different routes, and the rivers and mountains, and all the remarkable places, so as to choose which you would like best to see."

"Where shall we get a gazetteer?" asked Elvie.

"At any of the bookstores," said Mr. Grant. "We will stop and get a gazetteer and a travelling-map, on our way, after we have seen the horses."

"I don't know but that you will find the horses that I have chosen rather too big for you," continued Mr. Grant. "I thought they had better be pretty big and strong, so as to stand the journey well. You can try, when you come to see them, whether you can reach up high enough to saddle them."

"Oh, I think I can reach up, father," said Elvie.

Thus conversing together, the party went on until they arrived at the stables where the two ponies which Mr. Grant had provided were kept. Mr. Grant had sent some days before for Mr. Martin — who was one of the firm that kept these stables, and who was well acquainted with the horse market of New York, and was accustomed to make purchases for customers whenever they required it — and commissioned him to look

up two ponies suitable for the saddle, and kind, gentle, and safe, but at the same time, spirited and capable.

"One of the ponies," said Mr. Grant, in giving Mr. Martin his instructions, "is intended for a boy of fourteen or fifteen, and the other for a boy of seven or eight, and I want them both to be of such a size that each boy can saddle his own."

"Say, one ten, and the other twelve, hands high, or thereabouts," said Mr. Martin.

Horses are, for some reason or other, measured by hand-breadths instead of by feet and inches. This is an ancient custom, though how it came to be established nobody knows. A hand-breadth is four inches. A horse fifteen hands high would of course be sixty inches, that is, five feet high. There are some breeds of truck horses that are eighteen or twenty hands high. This is enormous.

"As to the exact size," said Mr. Grant, "I leave that to you. In fact, I leave every thing to you, now that you know the purpose for which the ponies are wanted."

"Only," added Mr. Grant, as Mr. Martin was taking his leave, "when I bring the boys to the stables to see the animals, we will not call them ponies, if you please; we will call them horses. My boy is anxious that it should be a horse that he is to ride."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Martin. "They will be really horses, though they might perhaps be called ponies as well."

In pursuance of this arrangement, Mr. Martin had found two small horses of the size and character which he supposed that Mr. Grant required, and had sent word to Mr. Grant that they were in his stables, ready to be seen whenever he chose to come. Mr. Grant's carriage stopped at the entrance of the stable-yard, and he and the boys went in. Mr. Martin met them at the office door.

"Good morning, Mr. Martin," said Mr. Grant. "We have come to look at those two saddle-horses, if you please."

"All right," said Mr. Martin. "Jerry, bring out those two small horses."

"Hunter and Tom?" said Jerry.

"Yes," replied Mr. Martin, "Hunter and Tom."

Jerry went into one of the stables, and returned, leading first a very smart pony of a jet-black color, and of a very pretty form. The animal was certainly not large, but he was considerably larger than the one which Elvie had been accustomed to ride in Tarrytown, so that to Elvie he looked

like quite a good-sized horse. Elvie was very much pleased with his color and his form, and also with his spirited air and bearing.

Jerry led the horse up to where Elvie was standing, and put the halter into Elvie's hand.

"Which is this?" asked Mr. Grant.

"This is the small one," replied Mr. Martin. "They call him Tom."

"I am afraid he is too large for you, Elvie," said his father.

"Oh no, sir!" exclaimed Elvie. "He is not a bit too large. I can saddle him perfectly easily. See!"

So saying, Elvie reached up with his arm over Tom's back, to show how easily he could reach up to saddle him. "Besides, he is such an elegant horse. I like him very much indeed."

By this time Jerry came out of the stable with the other pony, which was similar to the first, except that he was considerably larger — being of the proper size for August — and was of a chestnut color. The name of this horse, as Mr. Martin said, was Hunter. August was as much pleased with the appearance of Hunter as Elvie had been with that of Tom.

Mr. Grant made some inquiries of Mr. Martin about the horses, while August and Elvie mounted them, each taking his own, and rode them bareback about the yard. There were no saddles. Mr. Martin assured Mr. Grant that he had good evidence that the horses were sound and kind, and that they were in good condition to make a journey of three or four hundred miles, which was the distance of the tour contemplated by the boys. Mr. Grant decided accordingly to take the horses, and made arrangements about paying for them; and then he and the two boys went away.

CHAPTER III.

PLANS AND ARRANGEMENTS.

On their way home from the stables, Mr. Grant stopped at a bookstore and bought a gazetteer of New England, and also a travelling-map, this last being folded and inclosed in a case, so that it could be carried in the pocket. The bookseller tied up the two together and gave them to the boys to carry with them to Tarrytown, where they were to consult them, and study out the plan of their route. Mr. Grant told the boys, moreover, that he would have saddles made to fit the horses, and a valise for each



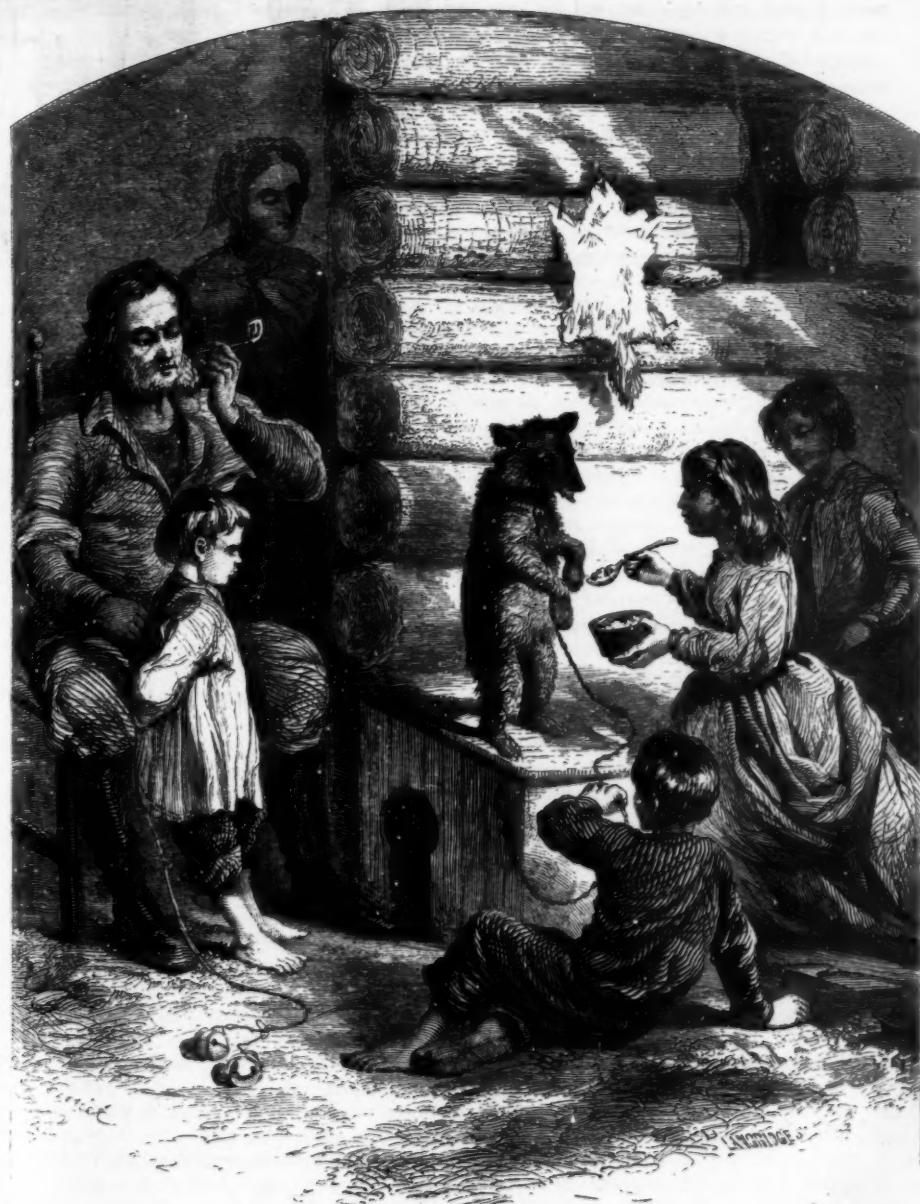
boy, to be strapped behind the saddle. The valises were to contain clothes, and such other things as the boys supposed they might require by the way.

"You must plan every thing yourselves, boys," said he. "I can't help you at all. If you forget any thing, you will have to do without it until you can pick it up somewhere as you go on. I will have the saddles and valises made next week, and then Mr. Martin will send the horses, all equipped, up to Tarrytown on Saturday, and you can set out on Monday morning of the week after, if you get ready. And now you had better think what you will want; and if there is any thing that you will have to buy in New York, you can buy it to-day, and take it up with you when you go home to-night."

The carriage about this time arrived at the counting-room, and Mr. Grant took the boys in with him, and gave August a supply of money for such purchases as they might require. He gave him ten dollars in New York city bills.

"And how much money shall you wish to take with you on your journey?" asked Mr. Grant, addressing August. "You will have to be cashier."

"I have not thought of that," said August. "How much do you think we shall need?"



A DANCE FOR A SUPPER.

U OF M

not important

May 11

"I have not thought either," said Mr. Grant. "You and Elvie must make an estimate and let me know. You can write me word from Tarrytown, when you get home, and I will send you up what you will require."

August promised to make a careful estimate.

"Make your estimate as carefully as you can in the first instance," said Mr. Grant, "and then add half for leeway. It is not best to take too much money, for that adds to your responsibility and care on the journey; nor too little, lest you should fall short, and so have to remain three days, in some dull place perhaps, till you can write to me, and get a return."

The boys then bade Mr. Grant good morning, and left the counting-room to go out and make their purchases.

"And now," said Elvie, as soon as they reached the sidewalk, "let us go the first thing to Maiden Lane, and get some fishing-lines for catching trout, out of the brooks, along the roadside, among the mountains."

So the two boys went to Maiden Lane to purchase some fishing gear, and from that street they passed into some of the adjoining ones, where at different shops they purchased a number of other small articles which they thought would be useful to them. In passing by a store containing India-rubber goods, it occurred to August that India-rubber cloaks would be advantageous, in case they should get caught in the rain. So they went into the store to look at the cloaks, and to inquire the price of them. They found there were several different kinds; some of them were very thick and heavy, and others were extremely light and thin.

"These light ones are the kind for us," said August, "because they will take up so little room in our valises."

But the shopman said he had none of the thin kind, that were of the right size for the boys, ready made, though he could make them at three days' notice. The price would, however, be more than the money that August had left would suffice for. So they went back to Mr. Grant's counting-room, to state the case to him, and to ask him whether he thought it would be a good plan for them to have such cloaks, and if so, if he would give them more money.

"I can give you the money," said Mr. Grant, "but you must judge for yourselves whether you had better buy the cloaks. It will be bad to get caught in the rain ten miles from any tavern; but then, on the other hand, horsemen must not load themselves down with too much baggage.

You must consider the subject, and decide for yourselves."

So saying, Mr. Grant gave August more money — enough to pay for the cloaks if he and Elvie should finally decide to take them, and so sent them away. They did decide to take the cloaks. They were to be made with hoods, so that each boy, in case of a heavy rain, could bring up the hood of his cloak over his head, so as to cover cap and all. Thus, when the cloak was buttoned up to the neck, and the hood was put up over the head, the wearer would be entirely protected. The two cloaks were to be made in three days, and to be sent by express to Tarrytown.

While the boys were walking about the streets making their various purchases, they had some conversation on the subject of money, and they made a calculation of the amount which they thought they should require. The plan of the journey was, for the boys to go on horseback to the White Mountains, and to journey about among the mountains of that range, as long as they desired, and then to come home by the railroads and steamboats. This was the original proposal of Mr. Grant. Mr. Grant thought that the novelty and excitement of the expedition would last as long as they were going forward; but that when they should reach the end of the journey, and should set out on their return, they would very soon become tired if they attempted to continue so slow a method of travelling as riding on horseback. So he arranged it that they should journey on horseback only so long as they were going forward, and then change this mode of travelling for the public conveyances as soon as they should set out upon their return.

"So you see," said August, in making his calculation, "we must provide for going to the White Mountains on horseback, and then for coming home again by the railroad. And the first question is, how much it will cost us a day to travel across the country on horseback."

"I guess about a dollar a day," said Elvie.

"We must not guess, we must calculate," said August. "For breakfast, dinner, and supper, we shall have to pay in the country taverns about twenty-five cents each; that makes seventy-five cents: and for lodging, about a York shilling; that makes almost a dollar." *

"I guessed a dollar," said Elvie.

"Yes," rejoined August. "You guessed very nearly right. Call it a dollar a day for each of

* This was some years ago, it must be remembered, when prices were not so high as they are now.

us. Then as to the two horses, I think a dollar a day for both of them, will do."

"That makes three dollars a day for us all," said Elvie.

"And that for twenty days will make sixty dollars," continued August. "We shall spend about sixty dollars in getting to the White Mountains, and travelling about among them. Then to get home, it will cost us and the horses about twenty dollars more. I looked in the railroad guide-book to see what the fares were."

This made eighty dollars. But August concluded that there would be some extra expenses, such as tolls in crossing bridges, shoeing the horses, or mending the saddles or bridles if occasion should require, and various purchases which might become necessary along the road. For all these things he thought it would be prudent to add twenty dollars.

"That makes one hundred dollars as the necessary sum," said he. "Then we must add half as much more, your father said, for leeway."

"What does he mean by leeway?" asked Elvie.

"Drifting to leeward," said August. "You see when a ship is sailing on a wind she drifts to leeward, and so falls off from her reckoning. So, in summing up his account, the captain always makes allowance for leeway."

It must be admitted that this explanation was

not particularly lucid; it involved too many technical terms for Elvie to comprehend it very fully. He, however, obtained from it a general idea that allowance for leeway was an allowance in some way or other for not being able to keep up with one's reckoning.

"If we add half as much again for leeway," said August, "it will make one hundred and fifty dollars. That is a great deal of money."

"That is a great deal of money!" he repeated, after a moment's pause, shaking his head at the same time somewhat ominously. "I don't believe your father knows how much money it will cost."

"Oh, he won't care any thing about that," said Elvie.

Elvie was right in this opinion. Mr. Grant was very wealthy, and he was so extremely desirous that Elvie should become well and strong, that he would not have hesitated at incurring any expense which might be necessary to carry into effect a plan which should promise so well to be conducive to that end, as a journey of three weeks on horseback, among the mountains and valleys of Vermont and New Hampshire. Besides, he had in years gone by paid so much heavier bills to the physicians who had had Elvie under their charge, that he would not have considered a hundred and fifty dollars any very great amount after all.

GOLDEN-HAIRED GRACE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

GOLDEN-HAIRED Grace is just a year old,
Yet she has witcheries rare and untold.
Over the household she reigns like a queen,
Ruling the fondest of subjects, I ween, —
Reigns by her beauty and innocent wiles,
Pays their devotion with kisses and smiles,
Lights all the house with her luminous face,
Mildest of autocrats — golden-haired Grace !

Born in the Southern land, yet her soft eyes
Caught their clear blue from the far Northern
skies ;
And the rich current that bids her lips glow,
Learned from New England its free, fearless flow ;
Fair is her face, as the lily that breaks
Into white bloom on the cool Northern lakes
Close by the shore, where the trees interlace —
Dear little blossom-faced, golden-haired Grace !

Golden-haired Grace tries a few simple words,
Sweet half-articulate chirps, like a bird's ;
Yet we who love her, whate'er she may say,
Never mistake what she means to convey,
Love-quicken'd ears are so ready to hear ;
Ev'n in her blunders, so artless and queer,
Glimpses of wonderful wisdom we trace —
Dear little silver-tongued, golden-haired Grace !

Golden-haired Grace is beginning to try
Whether 't is better to walk or to fly :
Often alone in the corner she stands,
Laughing and crowing and clapping her hands ;
Then with her small courage waxing more
strong,
Waves her arms wing-wise, and tiptoes along,
Claiming a kiss at the end of the race —
Rosy-toed traveller — Golden-haired Grace !

Golden-haired Grace loves all living things,
Creeping, or walking, or soaring on wings :
Beetles, toads, butterflies, all are her friends ;
After the bees her sweet greetings she sends ;
Shouts at the swallows, as swiftly they pass ;
Calls to the cows, as they feed in the grass ;
Keeps in her heart for all creatures a place,
Dear little tender-souled, golden-haired Grace !

Grace's sweet babyhood soon will be past, —
How shall we hold her from growing so fast ?
How shall we keep her a pure, happy child,
Safe from all sorrow, unstained, undefiled ?
How can we see her, as short seasons whirl,
Grow up and change to a tall, willful girl ?
Oh, if we might, for a long, loving space,
Keep her our baby — our golden-haired Grace !

STRASBOURG SIGHTS.

WHEN travellers in Europe wish to go from Paris to Switzerland or back again, they often take the route which passes through the city of Strasbourg, in order to visit the magnificent Cathedral there.

Strasbourg used to belong to Germany, but in the reign of Louis XIV. it was ceded to France, after a war, and has belonged to France ever since. But even to this time it has retained many German customs, and the language of the common people is still German. It is a very strongly fortified city.

It is in Strasbourg that the famous *pâtés de foie gras* are made. This is a kind of rich and very indigestible paste, made of the livers of geese. The geese are kept in confinement, and fed highly on food which causes their livers to grow to an immense size, and then they are killed and their livers used for this purpose. Some of the *pâtés* are eaten in Strasbourg, and many more are sent to all parts of the world. Not a very noble thing for a city to be celebrated for, but Strasbourg has some other things which you may like to hear about. One is, —

THE CAPABLE CLOCK.

In the fourteenth century the great Cathedral of Strasbourg had a wonderful clock, called the Clock of the Three Sages, because when it struck the hours, figures of the Wise Men of the East came and bowed before an image of the Virgin Mary, who was seated above the dial.

But the knowledge which had set this curious piece of mechanism going was not sufficient to keep it going forever, and, after a time, the Three Sages ceased to pay their respects to the Virgin, and the funny little wooden Cock, which had crowed every hour on a pinnacle of the clock for many years, grew too old to flap his wings and crow any longer, and the clock stopped.

But the people of the old town missed the

sound and sight of the wonderful Clock, and they decided to employ the most learned and skillful men in the famous school of Strasbourg to make them another as nearly as possible like the old one. One man whom they employed had been preaching the doctrines of the Reformation, and another was a professor of mathematics. You see the people were determined to have a first-rate article, a truly orthodox clock. But alas ! not even the skill of all these wise men could make a clock that should go forever ; and the cock on this one, after a while, stopped crowing, and the Three Sages got too old to bow, and that clock stopped.

Did the good Strasbourgers give up in despair ?

By no means. But this time they didn't choose professors and ministers to do the work, but excellent artisans, who understood clock-making better than teaching ; and so, though it is twenty-five years since it was finished, it is so well made that it promises to last much longer than the old one.

It is situated in the south transept of the Cathedral. The transepts of a cathedral are made by the short arms of the cross, in which form cathedrals are built. The clock looks something like the front of a church with towers at the sides, round which are spiral staircases, used when repairs are to be made. It is of dark wood, with a great deal of gilding and carving, and is about sixty feet high.

What is there so wonderful in this clock that makes hundreds of people assemble every day at noon, to see it strike ? I will tell you. The clock gives not only the time of day, and the day of the week and month, but the course of the sun, moon, and stars, through the heavens, all the eclipses of the sun and moon that will ever take place, what time it is at the same moment in every place on the globe, and many

other things useful to know, and interesting to all curious people.

When the hour of twelve comes, a skeleton representing Time, who is seated in a niche over the dial of the clock, strikes with a hammer on a bell which he holds in his hand; then a figure representing Childhood passes slowly before the figure of Time, and strikes a second stroke upon the same bell. A different figure comes out each quarter of the hour; the first quarter, Childhood strikes; the second, Youth; the third, Manhood; the fourth, Old Age. Another figure like an angel, in another niche, turns an hour-glass every quarter. Higher up, in an alcove, is a figure of Jesus Christ seated. Every day at twelve, the twelve Apostles march around the figure of the Saviour, bowing as they pass, while he lifts up his hand to bless them; and at the same time a cock, perched on the highest pinnacle of a side tower, flaps his wings and crows three times. His crow sounds like the crow of a very young cock. I think his voice does not improve with age. Under the dial, in another niche, the deity which the ancients considered symbolical of the day of the week steps out every day at twelve; Apollo on Sunday, Diana on Monday, and so on; so you see there is a great deal going on at that time, and it is quite important to be there punctually, if you wish to see it all, as the Apostles and deities, and various figures, never wait for any body to get there. Besides all this work that the clock does, every time it strikes, it sets in motion a chime of bells, that play different tunes each time. This part of the performance I liked best of all.

There is something else I am quite sure you would be delighted with in this city, and that is,

THE STORK OF STRASBOURG.

If you should take a walk or drive through the streets of Strasbourg, and should chance to look up to the curious roofs of the houses, with their four or five rows of odd, eye-shaped windows projecting from them, you would notice that many of the chimneys were covered on the top with a sort of bedding of straw, and perhaps upon this you would see a great bird, with a long bill and short tail, mounted on two long, thin legs. He would be standing so very still that you would think it must be one of the curious ornaments that the people in Europe put upon their houses. But if you look

long enough, you will see him stretch out a pair of enormous wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majestically into the air; he would not fly very far, however, but, alighting in the street where there has been a market, seize a fish that has been thrown into the gutter, and fly back with it to his nest. This is the famous Stork,—a bird which is not found in America or in England, but is common in Europe, especially in the large cities, being fond of the society of man. The Stork is a bird of most excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to his parents, and to his children. He never forgets a kindness, and is so useful that the people in Holland make false chimneys to their houses, so that the Storks may find places enough for their nests; and in German cities



they put a kind of frame upon their chimneys, so that the Storks may find it more convenient. Once in Strasbourg, a chimney took fire. Upon this chimney was a nest, in which were four young Storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despair of the Stork mother as the smoke enveloped her poor little ones, and the heat threat-

ened to roast them alive! They were too young for her to carry them away in her beak,—that would strangle them,—and to throw them out of their nests would only break their little necks. The mother-instinct taught her what to do. She flew back and forth over the nest, flapping her great wings over it, and so making a current of air in which the young could breathe. But alas! a great quantity of soot all on fire began to fall, and now they must certainly be burnt alive. No,—the good mother extended her great wings over the nest, and allowed the burning soot to fall upon herself. It had burnt one wing nearly away when the people below came with ladders, and saved the nest and the four little birds and the good mother. They took care of her, but she was always infirm; she could fly no more, and for many years she used to go round from house to house, and the people would feed her. You see her in the picture. She is having her portion in front of a house, and the children on the steps are watching her with delight.

The Storks always spend the winter in Africa, and always make their journeys in the night. When the time comes for them to go, they all assemble together and choose a leader. Such a chattering as they make! No doubt they have a great deal of trouble in getting every thing settled; they make all their talk with their jaws, which sound like castanets. They always go at the same time every year, and return to their chimney nests when the winter is over. One well-bred Stork, who had made his nest in the same chimney for many years, used to come and walk up and down before the door of the house where his nest was, the morning after his return, clattering his bill, as much as to say, "Good morning, sir: you see I am here again." And in the autumn, just before he went away, he would come and do the same again, to bid good-by, and the master would come out and say, "Good-by: a pleasant journey to you." There is a little story that is told to illustrate the

gratitude of the Stork. Once a naughty boy threw a stone at a Stork and broke its leg. The poor Stork got into its nest and there lay. The women of the house fed it, set its leg, and cured it, so that it was able, at the proper season, to fly away with the rest. Next spring the bird, which was recognized by the women by the kink in its gait, returned; and when they came near it, the lame creature dropped gratefully at their feet from its bill the finest diamond it had been able to pick up in its travels. It used to be said that they were in the habit of throwing down one of their young to their landlord before they left their nests, as a kind of rent. That was carrying gratitude a little too far, I think: don't you?

One reason that the Storks are so welcome in large cities is, that they are very useful in eating up all the refuse that is thrown into the streets. In European cities, two or three times in the week, the farmers and fishermen and butchers in the country around bring their produce into the city in carts, where it is displayed in tempting order; and then their wives and daughters, in curious caps and dresses, sell it to the city people. The market is over by noon, and then the market-place is covered with the Storks, who clean it all up, and carry away all that has been dropped. They are particularly fond of fish and serpents, and eels and frogs are considered a great delicacy by them. They are so valuable, that, in some places, to kill them used to be considered a crime, punished with death, and they have even been worshiped like the Ibis in Egypt.

There is a gigantic Stork, a native of Bengal, which is called the Adjutant, because from a distance it looks like a man with a white waistcoat and trousers. One of these great birds was brought to London, and lived over seventy years in the Regent's Park. It is from under the wings of this variety that the white, downy feathers, called *marabout*, come.



THE FAIRY'S RESCUE.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP

Good luck for me!
There's a humble-bee
Rolling in the clover;
Hay-seed, fly over
And catch him for me.



I must take a ride to-day
O'er the waves of blooming hay.
Up the hill-side, in the glen
Live two little, elvish men :

Their beards are white, their beards are long;
Their hands are big, their hands are strong ;
They've got my baby in their den,
The hateful, hateful elvish men !
They rode on a long-tailed dragon-fly,
And they soared low, and they soared high ;
They snatched her up
From a buttercup,
And carried her off
With squeal and scoff.
They'll make her toil, they'll make her slave ;
Their hoards of blossom-dust to save ;
They'll harness her with beetles too,
To drag their acorn-cups of dew.
Get up, humble-bee !
Or I'll tickle thy furry thigh
With this beard of golden rye, --
Get up, humble-bee !

Buzz ! buzz ! hum ! hum !
Here I come !
I've got her ! The hateful, elvish men
Shall never, never find her again.



I stormed their den with my humble-bee ;
With his big, sharp lance, he fought for me.

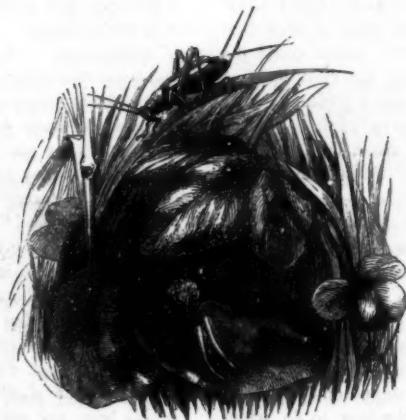
We tore their walls of rotting bark,
We chased them into their dungeons dark ;

With strong pine needles we barred them in,
There they shall stay till they rue their sin.

I found my darling with smutty wings,
And spotted with cruel nettle-stings;



But I've swung her through the waterfall's mist, I'll put her to bed in the grass down deep,
And a cleaner darling never was kissed. And set the crickets to sing her to sleep.



A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR CATS.

BY H. H.

WHEN I was a little girl, I knew two old maids who were so jolly and nice that I am always ready, beforehand, to love any body who is called an old maid. To be sure I have never

yet seen any others in the least like them ; and I begin to be afraid that that particular kind of old maid has died out, like the big birds called Dodos, which used to live in Australia. But I am always hoping to see two more before I die, and that I shall find them living together in a pretty little yellow cottage, just like the one the Miss Ferrys lived in, and that they will keep four splendid cats, just like the cats the Miss Ferrys had. I never saw such cats. Nobody ever saw such cats. They were almost twice as large as common cats. Miss Esther Ferry used to say that if there was any thing in the world she utterly despised the sight of, it was a little dwarf of a cat ; and as soon as she began to talk about it, her black cat Tom used to stand right up and bulge himself until all the hairs of his fur stood out like the spokes of a wheel. Tom was the cleverest cat of the four. He really did understand more than half of all that was said before him, and sometimes Miss Esther used to send him out of the room when the neighbors were telling her any gossiping story. "Of course I know that Tom can't repeat it," she would say ; "but it does make me nervous to have him listen so, and he is just as well off down cellar." Tom and Spitfire were Miss Esther's cats ; we thought they were a little handsomer than Spunk and Yellow, who belonged to Miss Jane ; but I think it was only because we loved Miss Esther best that we thought so. Strangers never could decide which of the four cats was the best looking. Tom was as black as ink, — not a white or gray hair about him ; Spitfire was a Maltese, of the loveliest soft mouse color all over, with a great white star on her breast ; Spunk was pure white, and her eyes shone like topazes in the sunlight ; Yellow was a tortoise-shell cat, black and yellow and white : he was the largest and fiercest of the four. We were all more afraid of him than of any dog in town. You will hardly believe it, but these cats used to sit in high chairs at the table, and feed themselves with their paws like squirrels. They had little tin plates, with their names stamped on them ; and one of the things I used to like best to do, when I went there to tea, was to change their plates, and then watch to see what they would do. Yellow was the only one who would eat out of any plate but his own ; he was always greedy, and did not care. But the others would look down at the plate, smell of it, and begin to mew ; and once black Tom jumped right across the table at Spunk, who had his plate, pushed her out of her chair, and dragged the plate away. It was some

minutes before he would let her come back to the table without spitting at her. But the best time we ever had in that dear yellow cottage was at a Christmas party which the old ladies gave for their cats. I don't believe there was ever such a thing heard of before or since. I knew about it a week before it came off, and it was the hardest secret I ever had to keep. My mama came home one evening just at dark. I was lying on a sofa in a dark corner, where she could not see me, and papa was sitting by the fire. She went up to his chair and kissed him, and burst out into such a laugh, as she said, "Darling, what do you suppose those dear absurd old Ferrys are going to do ? They're going to have a Christmas Tree for their cats."

" You are not in earnest, Mary," said papa.

" But I am, though," said mama, sitting down on his knee, and putting her arms around his neck. It makes the tears come into my eyes even now, to remember how my papa and mama used to love each other. Since I have grown up, and have seen what men and women really are, I know how wonderful it was. They have been in heaven a great many years, but it would be hard to make me believe they are very much happier there than they were here.

" But I am. You always think I am joking."

" Because you always are," interrupted papa.

" Don't interrupt. You are always interrupting," said mama. " I have been at the Ferrys' for an hour this afternoon, and the dear old souls are quite beside themselves about it. They are going to have linen drilling put down over their carpets, and they are wondering whether it will do to have as many as twenty cats in the room with twenty children."

" The old geese ! " exclaimed papa, who was not always quite as civil as he could be.

" I don't know," said mama, thoughtfully. " I am not so sure about that. I think it will be great fun ; and Helen will be out of her senses."

I could not keep still any longer. I bounded off the sofa, crying, "O mama, mama, am I really to go ? And shall I take Midge ?"

Midge was my cat, a dowdy little gray cat, whom nobody ever called good-looking, but whom I loved dearly.

" Mercy on me ! " screamed mama. " How you frightened me ! You bad child, to lie still, and hear secrets. But you will be punished enough by having to keep one for a week. You must not tell a soul. Nobody knows it but I, and the Miss Ferrys are very anxious that nothing should be said about it."

People talk about the pleasure of anticipations. I never could see it when I was a child, and I don't now. I think it is misery. That week was the most uncomfortable week of my life, excepting one which I passed shut up in the garret for a punishment after I had been very naughty. If it had not been for lying on the haymow with Midge, and talking to her about it, I know I should have been sick.

At last the invitations came, — all sent out in one forenoon, two days before Christmas. Such a hubbub as all the children in town were in! The invitations were written on bright pink paper.

"The Miss Ferrys request the pleasure of your company on Christmas Eve, from six till nine o'clock.

"You will please bring your cat. There will be a Christmas Tree for the cats.

"Each cat is expected to wear a paper ruff.

"The servants can be sent to take the cats home at half past seven."

I did not know what a ruff was, but mama explained it to me, and showed me the picture of an old queen in one. We cut one out, and put it on Midge, but she tore it off about half a minute; and mama said that if the cats were to be kept in ruffs through the entire evening, she thought it would be more work than play; but we could all carry half-a-dozen extra ones in our pockets, and put them on occasionally, if Miss Esther and Miss Jane thought best. I had six for Midge, one red, one green, one blue, and three white. We thought it would be funnier to have a variety of colors.

By quarter before six o'clock, on Christmas Eve, a droll procession was to be seen walking towards the yellow cottage. Each boy and girl carried a cat hugged up tightly in their arms, and as it was pitchy dark, the cats' eyes shone out like little balls of fire moving about in the air. We had a dreadful time taking off our things in the hall, for the cats all began to mew, they were so frightened. We all wore our every-day gowns, because our mamas said that the cats would probably fight, and spill things; but Miss Esther and Miss Jane were dressed in their best stiff black silks, and had on their biggest gold

chains, and we felt quite ashamed till we forgot about our clothes. I did not go till six o'clock, for I did not want to have Midge the first cat in the room, she was such an ugly little thing; but as soon as I went into the parlor, I laughed so, that I dropped her right on the floor, and she put her paw through her blue ruff, and tore it off, before Miss Esther had seen it.

There sat Tom, and Spunk, and Spitfire, and Yellow, all in a row, in their high chairs, with enormous paper ruffs on, so big that ours looked like nothing at all by the side of them. Tom had a white one; Spitfire had a deep blue, which was beautiful with her gray fur; Spunk had a shining black one; and Yellow's was fiery red. There they sat as solemn as judges, and every body in the room was screaming with laughter.



Six cats beside Midge had already arrived, and they had all hid under the chairs and tables, the perfect pictures of misery. Miss Esther and Miss Jane looked very proud of their cats, who really did behave as if they had been all their lives accustomed to receiving company. "However," I thought to myself, "it won't last long," and it did n't. As soon as I saw Willie Dickinson come in with his old Iron Gray, I knew black Tom could not keep quiet, for Iron Gray and he always fought "like cats and dogs." In about five minutes Tom caught sight of him, and just as Miss Esther was kissing Bessie White, who had her tame Maltese kitten tucked under her arm like a hat, Tom jumped right over Miss Esther's shoulder, and came down head foremost between Willie and Bessie, and stuck his claw into Iron Gray's ear. Willie sprang to catch up

Iron Gray, and trod on Midge, who began to mew, and for a minute it looked as if we should have a terrible time. But Miss Esther snatched Tom up, and gave him a box on the ears, and put him back into his chair, where he sat looking just as guilty and ashamed as a whipped child; and Willie said he would hold Iron Gray in his cap, so all was soon quiet. As for the rest of the cats, they were as still as mice; two or three of them had crept quite out of sight under the great hair-cloth sofa.

By quarter past six the company had all arrived; twelve girls, eight boys, and twenty cats. The room was large, but it seemed crowded; and it was quite troublesome to get about without stepping on a cat, especially as every body was laughing so that they could hardly walk straight.

I soon found out that the only way to feel easy about Midge was to hold her in my arms; but I must say that she behaved as well as any cat there, excepting Lucy Turner's cat Box, which was almost as handsome as Miss Jane's Yellow, and had been trained to sit on Lucy's shoulder. That was the prettiest sight in the room; for Lucy Turner was the prettiest girl in town, and Box's ruff was made of satin paper, of a brilliant green color, which looked beautifully against her own yellow fur and Lucy's yellow curls.

At half past six the doors were thrown open into the little library, and there stood the Tree. It was a thick fir-tree, and it had twenty splendid Chinese lanterns on it, all in a blaze of light. Then there were twenty-four phials of cream, tied on by bright red ribbons; twenty-four worsted balls, scarlet and white and yellow; and as many as two hundred gay-colored bonbon papers, with fringe at the ends.

We all took up our cats in our arms, and marched into the room, and stood around the tree. Then the cats' high chairs were brought in, and placed, two on the right, and two on the left, of the tree; and Tom, and Spitfire, and Spunk, and Yellow, were put into them.

I never would have believed that twenty-four cats could be so still; they all looked as grave as if they were watching for rats.

Miss Esther rang a bell, and the maid brought in twenty-four small tin pans on a waiter; then Miss Jane told us each to take a phial of cream off the tree and empty it into a pan for our cat. This took a long time, for some of the phials hung quite high, and none of us dared to put our cat down for a minute. Such a lapping and spattering as they made drinking up the cream! It sounded like rain on window-blinds.

After this, Miss Esther distributed the bonbon papers by handfuls, and told us to "let the dear cats eat all they could." Some of the papers had nice bits of roast veal in them; some had toasted cheese, and some had chicken wings. We did not get on very well with this part of the feeding. We tried to keep the cats in our laps, and feed them out of our fingers; but they were more accustomed to eating on the floor, or on the ground, and they would snatch the meat out of our hands, in spite of all we could do, and jump down with it in their teeth. Then one cat would see another with a bit of meat which looked nicer than her own, and she would drop hers, and fly to quarreling and snatching after the other. They all wanted chicken wings; after once tasting of those, they despised the roast veal, and even the cheese, and as there were only a few chicken wings, it made trouble. Before we got through with this, we were rather tired; and the cats, too, had more than they ought to eat, and began to get fretful, just like children who have been stuffed; there must have been thirty or forty of the bonbon papers left on the tree; but Miss Esther said they would do for their cats' breakfasts the next day, so they would not be wasted. It seemed ungrateful, after the old ladies had taken so much pains to amuse us, to find any fault with the party; but we did begin to feel hungry, and to think that the cats need not have had every thing. At last I saw Willie Dickinson turn his back to the people, and slyly bite a mouthful off chicken wing before he gave it to Iron Gray. This made me hungrier than ever; and I am ashamed to say that I, too, watched my chance, and popped a bit of veal into my mouth, when I thought nobody was looking. Fancy my mortification when I heard Miss Esther's kind voice behind me, saying, — "I am afraid our little friends are getting hungry. Their turn will come by and by." Oh, I wished the floor would open and swallow me up. I have never been so ashamed since, and I never can be, if I live a hundred years.

All this time, Tom, and Spitfire, and Spunk, and Yellow sat up in their high chairs as grand as kings on thrones, and had two little tables before them, off which they ate. Really they hardly looked like cats, they were so dignified and so large. If they had only known it though, it was not very civil of them to be sitting up in that way, at their own party, the only ones who had either a chair or a table, but it was not their fault.

At last Miss Esther said, — "Now we will

give the cats a game of ball, to wind up with," and she took a red worsted ball from the tree, and threw it out into the parlor. Midge sprang after it like lightning; then we all took balls and threw them out, and let all the cats run after them, and for a few minutes there was a fine jumble and tumble of cats and balls on the floor. But as soon as the cats found out that the balls were not something more to eat, all except the very young ones walked off and sat down, just like grown up men and women, round the sides of the room. This was the funniest sight of all, for they all began to wash their faces and their paws; and to see twenty cats at once doing this is droller than can be imagined. In the middle of the floor lay the bright balls, and Midge and three other kittens were rolling over and over among them. We all laughed till we were so tired we could not speak, and most of us had tears rolling down our cheeks.

Pretty soon the door-bell rang; the maid came into the parlor and said, —

"Judge Dickinson's man has come after Willie's cat."

Then we all laughed harder than ever, and Willie called out, —

"That is no way to speak. You should say, 'Mr. Iron Gray's carriage has come.'"

Next came our Bridget after Midge, and I

must say I was glad to get rid of her. In a few minutes the cats were all gone; then we looked at each other and wondered what we should do next. Tom and Spunk had got down from their chairs and gone to sleep before the fire; and Yellow and Spitfire were playing with the bits of paper which were scattered on the floor. What with the bonbon papers, and the torn ruffs, it looked like a paper-mill. We were just proposing a game of Blind-Man's-Buff, when the maid opened the dining-room door, and oh, how we jumped and screamed when we saw the fine supper-table which was set out for us. It was a nice old-fashioned sit down supper, such as nobody gives nowadays; and the things to eat were all wholesome and plain, so that nobody could be made sick by eating all they chose. Miss Esther and Miss Jane walked around the tables all the time, and slipped apples and oranges into our pockets for us to carry home, and kept begging us to eat more chicken and bread and butter. When we went away, we each had one of the splendid Chinese lanterns given to us; and there was not a single little girl there, who did not think for years and years afterward that it would be the grandest thing in this world to be an old maid like Miss Esther Ferry, and live in a yellow cottage, with one sister, and four big cats.

WHERE DOES THE DAY BEGIN?

BY F. R. GOULDING

"NOWHERE," some one will probably reply. "The day had its beginning when 'God said, Let there be light: and there was light,' and when God divided the light from the darkness, and called the light day and the darkness night; and from that time to this, day and night have been chasing each other without intermission around the earth."

Very true, Mr. Philosopher; but that is no answer to the question, which is, WHERE (not when) does the day begin? Do you still say "Nowhere?" Let us see. To-day is Wednesday. Has Wednesday been chasing Wednesday night around the earth ever since the creation, without having yet overtaken it? Has it always been Wednesday, and never any day but Wednesday, since time began? Or is it not true that the time was when it was not Wednesday anywhere,

but Tuesday? and will not the time come when it will not be Wednesday anywhere on earth, but Thursday? If so, then where did Wednesday, as Wednesday, begin its existence, and where will it end? Or, to speak more nearly in astronomical language, where, on either the terrestrial or celestial globe, are we to fix the great first meridian of the world?

Now when the question is put in this form, some of the readers of this article (if they have not already ceased reading in disgust) may reply, —

"I know nothing on the subject, and I do not see how any one else can know."

Others, however, whose more advanced knowledge enables them to look a little farther into this millstone, and to see that there is something in it curious, if not useful, may say, —

"Every civilized nation has its own first meridian, where the astronomical day is supposed to begin. That of the United States is at Washington city; that of Great Britain is Greenwich, etc. Astronomically, there is a day's difference in the reckoning of time on both sides of this meridian, even if the points are not six inches apart. It is true, therefore, that the day begins in each nation at its own first meridian, and as a matter of course, it must begin in different nations at different times."

Right, very right, Mr. Astronomer; yet only right astronomically; for, so far as the practice and experience of this country go, the light of Wednesday's midday sun is known as the light of Wednesday over the whole continent of America; and it is of the *practical* first meridian of the world we are inquiring, when we ask, Where did this light of Wednesday begin?*

Some years since, a young man, in reading the account of a voyage in the Pacific, met with the following singular fact: The voyagers came into port at one of the Society Islands, where was a mission established by persons who came from England by way of the Cape of Good Hope. According to the reckoning of the voyagers, who had proceeded by way of Cape Horn, the day was Saturday; but when they went ashore they heard the bells ringing for church, and found that it was Sunday. In mentioning this fact to his companions and discussing it with them, the following questions arose: 1st. How came this difference of time? 2d. Which was right,—the time on shipboard, or the time on shore? and 3d, as a finality, Where does the day rightly begin? Perhaps the most satisfactory mode to answer the question at the head of this article, will be to pursue the train naturally suggested in that discussion.

1. "How came this difference of time?" The answer is that the parties on shipboard and on shore had, in their relation to each other, virtually circumnavigated the earth, in which case there always results a day's difference in the reckoning of time.

To illustrate: Precisely at 12 M., Wednesday, we suppose two vessels to sail from New York, one going eastward and the other westward, at such speed as to make the circuit of the earth in exactly twenty-four hours. Of course

* During the preparation of this article, a friend, who is engaged in the brokerage business, took occasion to say to the writer (it was about one o'clock), "Before leaving my office a few minutes since, I received the closing news of the day at Liverpool." Wednesday was closing at Liverpool while it was midday here.

it will be midday with both the vessels when they enter port, because it will be exactly twenty-four hours after their departure at 12 o'clock; but their reckoning of time will not agree either with each other or with the people in port; for on the westward bound vessel it will be Wednesday still; on shore it will be Thursday; and on the eastward bound vessel it will be Friday. The reason is this: The westward bound vessel, sailing as fast as the sun moves, will have had no night nor morning during the voyage, but midday all the time,—the same midday with which it left port,—that of Wednesday. While the eastward bound vessel will have left that midday behind it the moment it left port, and have met another midday on the opposite side of the earth where it met the other vessel, and a third midday when it reaches port; of course the first midday was that of Wednesday; the second, twelve hours after (the midnight of New York), was that of Thursday; and the third midday, when the two vessels meet in port, is that of Friday. So that if a passenger from each vessel were to meet a shores' man, and hear him say, "To-day is Thursday," the west-going circumnavigator might say to him, "No, to-morrow will be Thursday," and the east-goer might say, "You are both wrong, for yesterday was Thursday;" while in truth, according to their several reckonings, they were all right.

Now, when we come to ask the second question, "Which was right, the time on shipboard, or the time on shore," at the Society Islands at the time of the visit described, we may answer they were both right, according to their reckonings; for each party, having only half circumnavigated the globe, was thrown half a day apart in their count of the hours, one being thrown half a day forward, and the other half a day backward, thus making a whole day's difference between them.

And now, reverting to the original question, Where, upon the face of the earth, does each distinctive day begin, and where does it end? we may settle it in this way: The Christian count of time began in Palestine, and extended eastward and westward from that point, with the progress of the Church. The farther east that reckoning is carried, the earlier will any specified hour of the day come to all who keep that reckoning, and the farther west, the later. Now, leaving out of our account all transient persons, like sailors or travellers, and confining ourselves to the settled inhabitants of the earth, we may say that the day begins first with those who have

carried the Christian count of time farthest east from Palestine.

On examining the map of the world in the light of history, we shall learn as a general fact that this reckoning of time has travelled as far east as the continent of Asia extends, and as far west as the continent of America stretches, that is, to the eastern and western shores of Behring Strait. Whether or not it is true at this moment, it must, ere long, necessarily be true, that of two permanent populations, each in sight of the other, on the opposite sides of that strait, there is a whole day's difference in the count of their times, — that upon the Asiatic side being always a day in advance of that on the American. We might therefore fix upon the meridian which passes through the centre of Behring Strait (90° W. from Washington) as being naturally the great first meridian of the world, and say that the world's day begins on the Asiatic side of that strait.

But it is not strictly true that the Christian count of time has been carried no further east than Behring Strait. It has, in fact, been carried eastward as far as the Washington or Marquesas Islands, and perhaps as far as Pitcairn's. So that we may answer our question by replying that, — *Of the settled populations keeping the Christian count of time, each day begins to be known by its distinctive name at the extreme eastern part of Polynesia.*

And in reply to the question, Where does the day end? we may answer, that it ends practically at the extreme western point to which the American count of time has been carried, which at present is the Sandwich Islands, and which finally may be, and probably will be, Behring Strait.

But as the beginning and the ending point of the world's day has been left to the accident of travel, a very singular fact has come into exist-

ence, which is, that for a few minutes every twenty-four hours, *there are three days upon the earth at the same time.*

To explain. Were the day to begin at any one fixed meridian, (as, for instance, at 90° W. from Washington, the line that passes through Behring Strait,) its continuance on earth under any given name, as Wednesday, must extend over forty-eight hours, for the reason that, at the dividing line, the day must begin on one side at the moment it ends on the other, and being twenty-four hours long on both sides, it will extend over forty-eight hours of time. So that there is never a moment when there are not at least two different days upon the earth at the same time. But the line that actually divides the two days is not a meridian, running due north and south, but a winding line passing west of the Sandwich Islands on the one side, and east of the Marquesas on the other, with more than an hour's difference of time between them, and producing this singular result, that the day does not begin its distinctive existence at the Sandwich Islands until twenty-five hours after its beginning at the Marquesas. In other words, it is Tuesday at the Sandwich Islands for an hour after it is Thursday at the Marquesas, while at the Society Islands, lying between the two, it is Wednesday.

By Washington city time, each day (counting 12 o'clock midnight as the initial moment) begins at the Marquesas Islands at 4 o'clock, A. M. of the morning before, being twenty hours in advance of the time at Washington, and ends at the Sandwich Islands at 5 o'clock, A. M. of the next morning, being five hours after its ending in Washington city, and forty-nine hours after its beginning at the Marquesas.

Thus does each distinctive day on earth begin and end.

A TALK AMONG TOADS.

BY M. H.

“A FINE day, sister toads, a fine day!
Help yourselves to some toad-stools, I pray;
It is luck to get five toads together,
To enjoy this nice, damp, showery weather.

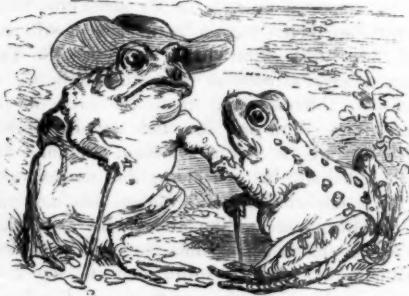
“There 's a bug, neighbor, under your seat,
If you fancy a morsel to eat;”

“Thanks! a lady-bug 's always a treat;
I know nothing more juicy and sweet.

“Beetles now are too hard in the back;
I 've no patience the creatures to crack;
And the hornets, and things on the wing,
Are sometimes so ill-bred as to sting.

“ Seems to me, brother Brown, you look pale !
Is your good health beginning to fail ?
And you do not seem happy to me ;
Such dejection it grieves me to see.”

“ What you say, sister Spy, makes me bold
To confess that I’m dying with cold.
I’m a sensitive creature, I own ;
But I feel that my system wants tone.



“ Tell me how to get warm now, I beg ;
Why, just feel of my arm, or this leg !
Was there ever so frozen a thing ?
And I’ve been so through all this mild spring.”

“ You describe my own feelings, my brother,”
Then said one ; “ but I have still another
That will fill me at times with alarm,
Though I may struggle to seem always calm.

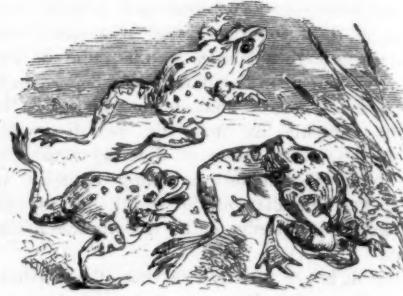


“ Now just give me, my friends, your advice ;
In the pit of my stomach lies ice
Which the bright summer sun cannot melt ;
Why, sometimes, brother toad, I have felt” —

“ Oh ! pshaw ! pshaw ! ” said a rude little thing,
“ Of my chills and my shakes I could sing
All the day ; but I well know the reason
That we all are so cold out of season.

“ T is because of a bad circulation ;
And I say it without ostentation,
But I think that we all should be wise
If we gave ourselves more exercise.

“ It would stir up the blood, till its flow
Give our pale cheeks a healthier glow ;
Come ! let’s try it ; besides, a good race
Might impart to our limbs more of grace.



“ This is just what I heard a man say
To his child in the garden to-day ;
And much more of the same kind he said,
But the rest has gone out of my head.”

“ Oh, indeed ! ” piped the other in rage,
“ You talk *well*, for a child of your age ;
But don’t interrupt *me* in this way
Till you’ve something worth hearing to say.



“ I have hopped twenty times round a tree,
Till so dizzy, I hardly could see ;
And as soon as I rested, thump ! thump !
The cold ice in my stomach would bump.”

“ And the drops would start out on my brow :
It is moist, if you feel of it now ;
I believe that it *never* is dry,
Though to wipe it I frequently try.”

“ Friends, I saw a man raking the hay
Stop to drink from a bottle to-day ;
And a boy who was with him, he told,
That he drank it to keep out the cold.

“ And he laughed, as he hid it away
Very near me beneath the green hay.
That would surely, I thought, do *me* good,
So I hopped to the place where it stood,



“ Pulled the cork out — when, tip, it went over,
Almost drowning a root of red clover ;
But I managed to suck up my fill,
Though I instantly felt very ill.

“ Then I tottered away to a stone,
And sat down with a terrible groan ;
Snakes alive ! how I shivered and shook,
Like a trout on a fisherman’s hook !

“ Oh ! ‘t was far worse than chills ; I said then,
If I lived, I would never again
Think that what with cold men might agree
Would be likely to benefit me.”

Here the host spied a dark, threatening cloud,
And the thunder rolled heavy and loud.
“ See ! the rain is increasing ; make haste !
For we have not a moment to waste !

“ All hop under my door-steps and wait ;
‘T will soon stop, and such peltings I hate.”
Then each toad raised a stool in the air, —
Five umbrellas they made, I declare !

That row of them, pointed and white,
Made the grasshoppers jump with affright ;
While the crickets chirped loudly in glee
Such a funny procession to see,
As the toads hopped away up the walk,
To resume ‘neath the door-stones, their talk.



“AS GOOD AS A PLAY.”

THERE was quite a row of them on the mantel-piece. They were all facing front, and it looked as if they had come out of the wall behind, and were on their little stage facing the audience. There was the bronze monk reading a book by the light of a candle, who had a private opening under his girdle, so that sometimes his head was thrown violently back, and one looked down into him and found him full of brimstone matches. Then the little boy leaning against a greyhound ; he was made of Parian, very fine Parian too, so that one would expect to find a glass cover over him : but no ; the glass cover stood over a cat, and a cat made of worsted too : still it was a very old cat, fifty years old in fact. There was another young person there, young

like the boy leaning on a greyhound, and she too was of Parian : she was very fair in front, but behind, — ah, that is a secret which it is not quite time yet to tell. One other stood there, at least she seemed to stand, but nobody could see her feet, for her dress was so very wide and so finely flounced. She was the china girl that rose out of a pen-wiper.

The fire in the grate below was of soft coal, and flashed up and down, throwing little jets of flame up that made very pretty foot-lights. So here was a stage, and here were the actors, but where was the audience ? Oh, the Audience was in the arm-chair in front. He had a special seat ; he was a critic, and could get up when he wanted to, when the play became tiresome, and go out.

"It is painful to say such things out loud," said the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound, with a trembling voice, "but we have been together so long, and these people round us never will go away. Dear girl, will you? — you know." It was the Parian girl that he spoke to, but he did not look at her; he could not, he was leaning against the greyhound; he only looked at the Audience.

"I am not quite sure," she coughed. "If now you were under a glass-case" —

"I am under a glass-case," spoke up the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Marry me. I am fifty years old. Marry me, and live under a glass-case."

"Shocking!" said she. "How can you. Fifty years old, too! That would indeed be a match!"

"Marry!" muttered the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. "A match! I am full of matches, but I don't marry. Folly!"

"You stand up very straight, neighbor," said the Cat-made-of-worsted.

"I never bend," said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. "Life is earnest. I read a book by a candle. I am never idle."

The Cat-made-of-worsted grinned to himself.

"You've got a hinge in your back," said he. "They open you in the middle; your head flies back. How the blood must run down. And then you're full of brimstone matches. He! he!" and the Cat-made-of-worsted grinned out loud. The Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound spoke again, and sighed, —

"I am of Parian, you know, and there is no one else here of Parian, except yourself."

"And the greyhound," said the Parian girl.

"Yes, and the greyhound," said he, eagerly. "He belongs to me. Come, a glass-case is nothing to it. We could roam; oh, we could roam!"

"I don't like roaming."

"Then we could stay at home, and lean against the greyhound."

"No," said the Parian girl, "I don't like that."

"Why?"

"I have private reasons."

"What?"

"No matter."

"I know," said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "I saw her behind. She's hollow. She's stuffed with lamp-lighters. He! he!" and the Cat-made-of-worsted grinned again.

"I love you just as much," said the steadfast Boy-leaning-against-the-greyhound, "and I don't believe the Cat."

"Go away," said the Parian girl, angrily. "You're all hateful. I won't have you."

"Ah!" sighed the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"Ah!" came another sigh, — it was from the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper, — "how I pity you."

"Do you?" said he, eagerly. "Do you? Then I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Ah!" said she; "but" —

"She can't!" said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "She can't come to you. She hasn't got any legs. I know it. I'm fifty years old. I never saw them."

"Never mind the Cat," said the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"But I do mind the Cat," said she, weeping. "I have n't. It's all pen-wiper."

"Do I care?" said he.

"She has thoughts," said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. "That lasts longer than beauty. And she is solid behind."

"And she has no hinge in her back," grinned the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Come, neighbors, let us congratulate them. You begin."

"Keep out of disagreeable company," said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book.

"That is not congratulation; that is advice," said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Never mind, go on my dear," — to the Parian girl. "What! nothing to say? Then I'll say it for you. 'Friends, may your love last as long as your courtship.' Now I'll congratulate you."

But before he could speak, the Audience got up.

"You shall not say a word. It must end happily."

He went to the mantel-piece and took up the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper.

"Why, she has legs after all," said he.

"They're false," said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "They're false. I know it. I'm fifty years old. I never saw true ones on her."

The Audience paid no attention, but took up the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"Hah!" said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Come. I like this. He's hollow. They're all hollow. He! he! Neighbor Monk, you're hollow. He! he!" and the Cat-made-of-worsted never stopped grinning. The Audience lifted the glass-case from him and set it over the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound and the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper.

"Be happy!" said he.

"Happy!" said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Happy!"

Still they were happy

HOLIDAY WHISPERS CONCERNING TOYS AND GAMES.

IT is not pleasant, when the Christmas tide has passed over our homes, to find that it has left little but worthless drift,—things that seemed tempting enough while they glistened upon the Holiday wave, but which serve no beautiful nor useful purpose when carried into the year.

Especially is this true where children are concerned. We of a larger growth are happy in recalling the glow and motion of the hour; but Tommy and Nelly sigh over their fragile toys, or pout because their knick-knacks, so gorgeous at first, have gone the way of all tinsel. While we are listening to the receding waves, the little ones are already becoming disenchanted on the shore. We rejoice in gratified sentiment; they long for some practical means of working out the forces within.

And so, tossing off the spray of our simile, we come to the purpose of this paper, which is to offer a few informal notes concerning games and other simple yet useful gifts for the young.

Present to one child a box of bonbons; to another, a Craig's microscope, each costing a dollar; give to another, a wondrous little chariot of ebony and pearl; to another, a box of *real* carpenters' tools; to another, a costly marvel in the form of a toy-animal; to another, a miniature printing apparatus, complete; buy, for some girl, a waxen perfection of a doll, with hair that cannot be "let down," and clothes intended never to be taken off; and, for another, a bare, wooden child, that sets the motherly little soul in a flutter of busy care at once. At the end of a week, note who are happiest over your gifts. It will not be the little dyspeptic who has devoured his treasure, nor the young ruffians who have been "oh-oh'd!" at a dozen times because they have shown symptoms of doing something desperate with their beautiful, useless toys. It will be the child who has suddenly discovered that the world is full of things that can be seen only through microscopes,—the boy who has cut a finger, but who proclaims triumphantly that he can make a bench,—the begrimed little fellow who insists upon instantly printing your name for you,—the girl whose "dolly needs so many things 'she' don't know what to do." Let the sparkling eyes of these children light you to wise paths in Gift-land. The aesthetic needs of childhood should by no means be ignored; but beware how you trifle with the divine instinct that prefers a hammer to a flower.

Toy-shops, nowadays, are regions of enchantment and temptation. Alas for the nursery whose ministering genius goes into one of these with an empty head and a well-filled pocket! The Christmas tide will leave a worthless drift indeed. Tawdry, silly contrivances for making children prodigal and discontented, everywhere abound, and toys that are really unique and amusing are apt to be overlooked amid the glitter and show.

Solitaire-boards of various kinds are always acceptable. These require that one marble or pin of many be left standing in a certain socket or hole, as the case may be, after all the rest shall have been removed under certain conditions calculated to call forth ingenuity and patience. Puzzles, too, are now made in great variety, and one can generally decide at a glance, which style would be likely to prove most satisfactory to the little folks at home. The best I know of, is one which has amused a certain Master Harry for many and many an hour,—"The American Puzzle; patented." It is formed of about one hundred small, flat, irregular triangles of polished wood, red on one side, white on the other; and these are to be arranged according to the designs given in the accompanying book. This book, with its thirty-two large pages of beautiful and grotesque designs suggestive of animals, guns, implements, and various objects, affords a world of joy in itself; but the child soon learns to make original combinations, that yield more pleasure still. The arranging of the two colors in every possible pattern, cultivates the eye and develops ingenuity in geometrical delineation. The whole thing is nicely gotten up, and costs, we believe, about two dollars. [G. Doeltz and Bro., Detroit, Mich., general agents.]

Of building-blocks there is an ever-increasing variety of style. "Crandall's Improved," deeply notched at the ends so that the blocks can be firmly adjusted to each other at any angle, are the latest; but it is doubtful whether any are really better than the ordinary sort, comprising columns, windows, and a number of variously proportioned blocks.

Of newer things, we have "Parlor Magic" (a collection of implements with which to execute feats of legerdemain, etc., accompanied by a book of directions); the "Zoetrope," of which there are several styles, and the "Myriopticon; or, Parlor Panorama of the Rebellion." These

range in price from two to five dollars, and are to be found at nearly all the large toy-shops. This Zoetrope is a very amusing toy. By means of a revolving disc with vertical slits near the edge, through which we look at a series of figures represented in various stages of some particular action, men, boys, and animals seem to be actually employed in jumping, skating, climbing, fighting, etc. One of the pictures, showing a number of bright-colored balls passing rapidly through green wreaths, forms one of the most perfect optical illusions I have ever seen. No more charming mode can be found of illustrating to a child the fact that any image or impression of light on the retina lasts for the sixth of a second.* The ring of fire produced by rapidly swinging a piece of lighted cord, round and round, is perhaps as philosophically adequate; but bits of burning string, as gifts, have not yet received the sanction of Santa Claus.

The "Magic Wheel" is similar to the Zoetrope; and a beautiful German toy, the *Stroboscopische Scheibe*, is founded on the same principle. The well-worn specimen now in my possession, was purchased at the importers' (Hinrich's, corner of Broadway and Liberty St.), I think for two dollars and a half. It contains one dozen of these moving pictures, and is more compact than the Zoetrope. The Myriopticon, though not a very artistic affair, makes rare sport in the playroom, because it is of the "exhibition" order, and is provided with showy "posters" for display at the door, and an explanatory lecture to be read while the panorama is being slowly unrolled before the admiring audience.

Here it may be suggested that the delights of the old, yet ever new, Magic Lantern are enhanced by adding a few blank glass slides on which children can paste figures of their own designing. The black shadow-compliments to the artist appearing upon the wall, are sure to be enthusiastically received. It is not very difficult to paint effective objects on the glass. By using what are called transparent colors, children may produce very fair magic-lantern pictures. Assuredly they will derive pleasure from the effort, for home-made things are apt to have a peculiar attraction for the young. I remember an instance where the gift that outlasted in interest all

* About fifty years ago Dr. Paris delighted Young England with an ingenious toy founded on this principle. It consisted of a suspended card with different designs painted on each side, when, by rapidly twirling the card, both objects were seen at once. With a frightened child, for instance, painted on one side, and a springing lion on the other, a twirl of the card would seem to consummate the tragedy.

other fruit and flowers of the Christmas-tree, was a set of bean-bags! These were simply four bright flannel cases of different colors, five inches by eight, each loosely filled with half a pound of dried beans, and securely sewed at the ends, so that the contents could not work out while the children played "Toss and Catch" with them.

It is surprising that persons in search of Christmas gifts for the young, do not oftener select philosophical apparatus of various kinds,—such things as may be found at Pike's, the optician, on Broadway, N. Y., or at similar establishments: magnets, burning-glasses, pocket-compasses, telescopes, simple electric machines, or miniature steam-engines. Very complete little oscillating engines of brass, scarcely two pounds in weight, and capable of working safely and well, can now be purchased at prices ranging from five to twenty dollars.

Why not, for a change, select a Pulse-glass? It is a pretty object in itself, and a never-failing source of delight to boys and girls. The implement is simply a small glass tube, either straight or bent to a right angle near each end, swelling to a globular form at the extremities, and filled with (red) spirits of wine, and its vapor without any admixture of air. On grasping either bulb with the hand, ebullition takes place in the other bulb almost instantly, producing a pulsing motion, whence the instrument derives its name. As the hand causes moderate or violent boiling, according to the degree of its own temperature, a little mystery can be imparted to the pulse-glass by pretending to use it as a means of discovering secrets. Sometimes the liquid seems fairly to leap in hearty response, and sometimes it is only gently stirred, as if the glass but faintly replied to the questioner. When the query is whether Johnny is a good boy, we can imagine that, as the youngster grasps the bulb in his warm, chubby hand, he is not a little delighted to see the red sibyl's eager answer,— "Yes! yes!"

The Water-hammer, also, is calculated to delight an intelligent child. Its mysterious, metallic sound, as the imprisoned water is seen tumbling through a vacuum, leads to inquiries that may open into long vistas of scientific truth. It can be purchased at trifling cost at any shop where scientific apparatus is sold. The "Gyroscope" is more expensive, but it has interest for all. A child who owns one, and has received from it an idea of the diurnal motion of the Earth, and of the effects produced by revolution or rotation, will prize it earnestly, and may be awakened to an interest in physical phenomena.

Another style of present—expensive, perhaps, but not more so than many showy and useless toys—are the Aquarium and the Wardian case. These can be obtained of small sizes, and will afford pleasant occupation, especially to children living in the country, where the woods stand ready to supply them with mosses, ferns, and curious plants; and the streams—with their tadpoles, "killy-fish," "shiners," tiny eels, and liliiputian turtles—seem, as I once heard an enthusiastic young *aquariumist* say, "just made on purpose."

Books, all-important and indispensable as they are, do not come within the scope of these notes. But not second even to books are really good Card Games, such as may here and there be found among the multitude exposed in the shops. Once introduced into the household, such a game becomes a kind of magnet to draw the young folks and their seniors together. It brightens the wits, promotes geniality, and serves to give a new relative interest to the members of the home-circle. It makes the little ones feel "big," and their elders benevolent—benevolent at least until a genuine interest awakens the child-like element that never wholly dies within us.

The famous "Game of Doctor Busby" inaugurated the dynasty now recognized at many a hearthstone throughout the length and breadth of the land. Worthiest of all the Doctor's descendants is the present "Game of Authors," of which there are several varieties,—Tingley's being the most popular, and Bradley's the most elaborate in style and ornamentation. The game is made up of fifty cards distributed into ten suits; each suit having the name of an author and the titles of four of his best-known works disposed in different order on each of the five cards, the object being that the players win as many of these completed suits as possible during the game, in manner set forth on the Card of Directions. It calls for attention, an exercise of memory, and familiarizes the players with at least the names of authors and their most popular books.

The "Game of Familiar Quotations," "Game of Great Events," "Battle-Fields of Our Fathers," and the "Stratford Game,"—all of them modifications of this same principle,—are very good of their kind, instructive as well as amusing, and possess the merit of costing but fifty cents each. The last named, with an amusing "catch" in the playing that distinguishes it from the rest, is founded entirely, as its title implies, upon characters and quotations from Shakespeare. It may add to its interest among children

to know that it was gotten up last winter by a little boy ten years of age.

The "Game of Young Traders" (Brooks and Bro., Salem, Mass., 75 cts.) affords no little sport to children who wish to acquire skill in "making change" promptly.

Of modern Card Games, however, the series known as "Protean Cards," or "Box of a Hundred Games," not two years old, seems to have taken the foremost rank. The cards, a hundred and four in number, half printed in black, and half in red ink, are of the simplest kind, each containing but a letter and a numeral. The possible combinations are infinite in their variety, so that a different style of game might be played with them each evening, all winter long. Again, games may be selected from among them suited to every capacity; some requiring as much skill as any known to card-players, while others are suited to the capacity of children beginning to spell.

Some of these are mere games of amusement; others possess the fascination, free from the objectionable associations, of whist, euchre, cribbage, and the like, with instruction in a variety of forms superadded; there being scarcely a study which children pursue in school—arithmetical, orthographical, grammatical, geographical, biographical, even commercial—to which one or other of these games do not furnish comment or assistance. In a few, a general knowledge of literature, poetry, and modern languages comes, incidentally, into play. Quickness in perception, rapidity of calculation, strict attention, are all demanded in many; and yet so little is their entertaining character lost thereby that I know a family to whom a pack had been presented, who, by dint of fair usage only, have worn out that and a second, and are now on their third set. The book of directions includes forty games; others may be added by a little suggestive ingenuity. Tingley (152½ Fulton Street, New York) is the proprietor, box and book costing a dollar and a quarter.

It is well sometimes to give packs of ordinary blank cards to older children. They will find it interesting to prepare fresh "Games of Authors," and to vary these; as, for example, by substituting for Authors and books, Inventors and inventions, Painters and their pictures. If the names are legibly written, the home-made games will be found as pleasant to play with as the published ones, besides possessing the charm of originality.

The "Game of Parlor or Carpet Bowls," with its light, gayly tinted balls, is a pretty and harm-

less nursery amusement. The "Checkered Game of Life" also affords a delightful pastime for the little folks. Its fanciful board, with its little, square pictures, is doubtless familiar to many by this time, but it deserves to be still more widely known. Its pretty record-dials and teetotums, and bright-colored ivories, add to its attractions. (Price \$1.00.)

"Patcheesi" (Swift and Co., New York) is also an interesting game — not morally suggestive, like the "Game of Life," but very attractive, with its prettily colored board and box of appurtenances: it somewhat resembles Backgammon.

Then there are "Graces" and "Battledore and Shuttlecock," both older than our grandfa-

thers, yet destined to give delight until the last child has grown up. Archery, too, must always hold high rank in the realms of healthful and beautiful sport; and Croquet, king of all, has the hearts of his people. But in-door forms of either Archery or Croquet are not to be recommended. These sports are sacred to green fields, to the fresh outer air, and the sunshine.

I had intended to speak a few words concerning "Parlor Martelle," "Parlor Cue Alleys," "Bagatelle," etc., and to urge the importance and economy of buying first-class sleds and skates in preference to cheap ones, but a little bird, fresh from the editor's sanctum, tells me that I have "whispered" quite long enough.

PATCH-WORK.

BY THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

We have found that every month, after arranging the Magazine, there turn up various odds and ends, which do not seem to work in anywhere. A scrap of wisdom, too short to have a regular heading, and go in as an article; a bit of fun which would look very absurd if set forth seriously, and put into the table of contents; part of a letter, which, though written to the editor, really belongs to his readers; the guess-work too, and hard questions; and finally, the few words which we would sometimes like to say either about the current number or the one next in order, if we only had a proper place in which to say them. So, for the present, under the head of PATCH-WORK, we intend to piece together all these odds and ends, and let the pattern come out as it may happen.

This number of the Magazine is the first of the volume, and so we have placed at the beginning a picture by an American artist, illustrating a celebrated poem by an English poet now living, Robert Browning. The verses are printed also, as all may not have them; and those of you who have seen old pictures will see how the artist has seemed to look upon the Pied Piper and the children, exactly as if he had lived then in Hamelin Town, and yet were living now also, and did not have to trust his memory for the children's faces, but could draw those which he saw around him. So the Piper fascinates the children: the motherly one, with a grave, wistful face, bearing her laughing baby sister in her arms; the two eager ones in advance, listening so earnestly, and seeming to beckon the others on; the two who have been playing horse, and still hold the reins, forgetful of their play; and the host of merry ones behind, laughing and leaping.

In the middle of the number you will open to another picture, and now we have been transported from Hamelin Town in the Fourteenth Century, to an American home in the West, of to-day. The little bear is evidently a household pet, with a kennel of his own, but a chain too, lest he should happen to think the woods a pleasanter place, or should take to playing pranks. He shall not have any supper till he has danced, and we think the boy who holds the chain is whistling a jig, while the little girl is saying, "Once more, and then you shall have it." So, with these two pictures of the old and the new, of imagination and homely fact, we begin the year, glad of such an omen for the RIVERSIDE, which never means to forget one or the other, but always to have something about Europe as well as about America, about the past as well as the present, the unseen world of fairy and the every-day world about us.

Our contributor "Fern Lodge," who told us last summer about the Stars in August, and drew a clew map for finding them, is to give in the next number an account of the Moon as he sees it from Fern Lodge Observatory, and has prepared a portrait in tint of the ancient Man in the Moon, which will be the frontispiece; and while you get your glasses ready, and rub up your eyes for the sights which he will show, including the very scratch on his chin which the Man may have made in shaving, here are some items of information, which may be headed —

Latest News from the Sky, by Telescope.

The Great Bear. — This constellation, composed in part of the Dipper, and in part of numerous small

stars to the west of it, in the direction of the bright star Capella, is now finely seen in the N. N. E. early in the evening. The Bear appears to be mounting the sky, his tail — the handle of the Dipper — dragging on the horizon.

The Moon. — On the night of January 6th, the beautiful red star Aldebaran will be eclipsed by the Moon. An eclipse — *occultation* as it is called — of a large star is a sight not often witnessed, and cannot fail to interest any who will take the pains to watch for it. In the present instance the occultation takes place at Boston at 1.50 A. M.; at Washington, 1.17 A. M.; and at Chicago, 12.20 A. M., very nearly.

During the evening of January 9th, the Moon will be nearer to us than it has been during the past, or will be during the present year. In its nearest approaches to the Earth, its distance is 225,000 miles, while it may recede as far as 252,000 miles from us.

The planet Jupiter will be within a degree of the thin crescent of the New Moon on January 27th, at about sunset. This will be a very pretty sight. The Moon will appear like the curved blade of a sickle, Jupiter underneath being a handle for it.

Early in the evening of the 30th of January, Venus and Jupiter will be considerably less distant from each other than the breadth of the Moon's face, or only 23' of an arc. Venus will be the one furthest south.

The blue color of the sky is owing to the moisture in the atmosphere, this aqueous vapor partially absorbing the red and yellow tints of sunlight, and leaving the blue rays to be transmitted to us.

In the December number we had a Double Acrostic, a species of Enigma which has become quite popular of late. To those who are not in the secret, double acrostics are rather perplexing, and as we shall probably have a good many to solve, here follows —

UNCLE WALTER'S LECTURE ON DOUBLE ACROS- TICS.

It was a wretched, dreary, drizzling storm, and little Willie looked out of the window disconsolately upon the wet garden; where the dripping grapes tried to hide their heads under the vine-leaves, and where, every now and then, a little bird dashed out into the rain, and as quickly flew back again to his warm nest and his bird mama.

"Oh, bother!" said Willie. "I wish it would not rain always on a fellow's birthday."

"Always, Willie?" asked Uncle Walter, who was sitting near the fire. "Pray, how many birthdays have you had, and how many times has it rained?"

"Well," said Willie, taking his fingers out of his mouth and putting them into the pockets of his knickerbockers, "I am ten years old, and it *always* rains on my birthday, — that is, I believe it does. At

any rate, it has rained all day, and I can't go on the pond, or drive the donkey, or have tea in the arbor, or do any thing I was promised. I wish I was an Indian, and then I should have to be out in the rain; or else I wish I was a nobleman, and ever so rich, and then I would build a roof over the pond, and have a circus to ride in, and — oh dear, it is raining harder than ever, and what shall I do to amuse myself till dinner?"

"Oh, Willie!" cried his sister May, laying down her story book, "let's get Uncle Walter to play with us, and we might be wild Indians, and live under the dinner-table."

"No, no," said Uncle Walter. "I am a little too tall to live in such a wigwam; and here comes Aunt Alice, who never would do for an Indian, with a long silk train, and such frizzy hair. No! I had much rather play I was a nobleman, if that is the other alternative, Willie."

"I will be a noblewoman, Willie," cried Aunt Alice. "Tell us how your noble friends amuse themselves."

But Willie did not know any thing more about noblemen than Aunt Alice, and it would have taken all day to find out, if his older brother George had not said, — "Oh, Uncle Walter, you promised to tell us how to write double acrostics; tell us now, and we can pretend we are noblemen at court, and you are a king."

"Oh, yes! oh, yes," cried all the children, gathering round the fire. "Let's write double acrostics as they do in England."

"Very well," said Uncle Walter. "Come on, then. It is rather old for Willie, but the rest of you can understand. Now, Will, sit on that ottoman, and you must remember your name is *Duke William*; May, sit down on the rug, and be the *Duchess May*; George will be *Prince George*; Aunt Alice is the *Lady Alicia*; I am the King, and Fred is *Earl Frederick*. Now, if we are not the aristocracy with a vengeance, my name is not Walter Hampton."

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" cried Prince George. "You are the King, you know."

"Well, there's one forfeit for King Walter the First, and another for Mr. Hampton," said their Uncle, putting two bright cents on the mantel-piece, "and now to work, boys. To write a double acrostic, you have to find two words with the same number of letters, which are called key words. Give me a little word, *Duchess May*." "Cow," said May. "Will that do?"

"Very nicely," said Uncle Walter. "Now another one, *Duke William*, — of three letters, remember." — "Calf," cried Willie — and then all the children laughed and shouted, because calf has four letters, not three; and Willie cried again, — "Dog — won't dog do?"

"Yes, dog is very good; now see here, this is the way you have to write them," said Uncle Walter: —

C — D

O — O

W — G

Now 'Cow' and 'Dog' are, as I said, called the *Key words*, that is to say, if you can guess either of these, it is a sort of key to the others. Sometimes it is easier to find out the others first, but in writing an acrostic, as we are now, we must begin by writing some verses about these two key words; after you have done that, you find three words which will begin with the letters of cow and end with the letters of dog. The first word must begin with the first letter of one word, and end with the first letter of the other. The second with the second. The third with the third. If you have more letters you must have more words. To begin: —

"The milky mother of the herd,
The darling of our stable;
My first gives milk, and cheese, and cream,
And butter for our table:
My second came from Newfoundland,
Delights to bark and bite,
Sleeps in the sun, the whole day long,
And guards the house at night.

If you were to read that, I think you could all guess it. Now, we must find a word, to begin with *C* and end with *D*. *Cod* for instance, and write a verse of poetry describing it, a sort of conundrum that can be guessed. Let Aunt Alice begin and write something about *Cod*."

Aunt Alice laughed, and looked into the fire a minute, and then said: —

"I swim in the sea
Till you catch me for dinner,
And then I'm a feast
For saint and for sinner."

"Brava!" said Uncle Walter. "That's the first word; now for the second, — beginning with *O* and ending with *O*. What do you say, Prince George?"

"Ontario," said the Prince, promptly. "Here goes: —

"I am a vast and noble lake,
A sort of inland sea, sea, sea!
On one side the United States,
On the other, Canadée, dee, dee!"

"All right; now who will write upon a word beginning with *W* and ending with *G*. Say *Wing*. Nobody speaks: then I'll do it myself: —

"On me the cherubs float on high;
Sometimes I lurk in chicken-pie.
Upon the stage I've often been,
And always am where birds are seen.

"There, children, that is all done; and in future I see no reason why you should not make a fortune writing double acrostics for the public. What do you think of the fun, Duke William?"

"I don't think much of it," said Willie. "It might do for girls; but I liked it about 'Canadée-dee-dee'."

"But, my dear King," exclaimed Prince George, "what I want is one to guess, not to write."

"Oh, yes — yes," — screamed all the little ones. "Give us one to guess, dear King."

"Now by my halidome, that's a very different matter," said his Majesty. "But as you have been such good and trusty subjects, I will present you this noble roll of papers, containing what you ask," — and Uncle Walter laid the paper upon the table, and the children all gathered round while George began to read it loud. Long before they had half guessed it, the dinner-bell rang, and little Willie found the weary afternoon had fled, and his birthday feast was ready. It took the children many days to guess the acrostic, and I hope some of my little readers will try to find it out, and perhaps when the answer is published next month, they will see that their answers are correct. Here it is: —

"Together hand in hand,
We besiege your bed at night;
But in vain you may pursue,
We vanish with the light."

1. "A mixture of every thing under the sun :
Throw it out of the window when it is done."

2. "Resistless as fate, and as water unstable,
The pride of the bar, and the wit of the table.
A tyrant to him who pursues me forever,
A friend and a slave to a moderate lover."

3. "In olden times my footsteps strayed
Around the hills of ancient Rome;
Now, on the shelf my life is laid,
And classic lexicons my home."

4. "England's boast and England's glory,
Long renowned in English story.
Stout of heart and strong of brain,
Queens like her have ceased to reign!"

5. "In tropic sands of Southern lands
I flourish in the sun.
In dying hands of martyr hands
I prove the victory won."

While we are about it, we may as well add the rest of the riddles: —

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

1. Not in the darkness of the night
Did Eve the new world's fortunes blight.

1. What suffering, what sore dismay,
2. Where Joshua smote his conquering way.
3. What wounds were then, what winds to-day!

2. If my *first* were not colored and mixed with brain,
My *second* would scratch for a living in vain.

1. A slave to sin, sprightly and small.
2. More than one, yet nothing at all.
3. Were mankind to free it,
Man'd have to be it.

CHARADE.

Put my *first* before men, and straightway you'll see
The creature's as crazy as crazy can be.

My *second*'s an article needed by many,
Old Adam had two — though his wife had n't any.
Though both of these syllables misty appear,
By the light of my *third* you may find them quite
clear.
And my *fourth*, too, is one of a singular train;
You must take it before it can take you — 't is
plain.
But taken or taking, you never can be
On my *whole* without crossing a tropical sea.

RIDDLE.

Of FIVE little units my *whole* is made,
Which but once, in their order, retrograde.
Though I'm sometimes half of a compound word,
I'm complete as any you ever heard.

My *First*, it is found in the mighty ocean;
Without my *Second* there's never devotion;
My *Third* can command both the poor and the
proud,
My *Fourth* in our country is never allowed.
My *Last* very truly "Paul Pry" may be styled,
He suggests enough questions to drive a man wild;
And he wanders about, without rest for his head,
Neither heaven nor earth can hold him, 't is said.
He stays with the young until they get old,
Yet cannot abide with a mortal, I'm told.

Alas ! he can't enter the regions of bliss,
He'll have to find rest in some yawning abyss.

Now, who am I ? What am I ? Tell me my name :
I'm dreadfully wicked — yet honored by fame.
They say that I play my part well on the stage, —
Surprisingly, really, for one of my age.
All over the world have I made the heart leap
With generous anger ; made men laugh and weep.
Though black and despised in my life's early prime,
In a high niche of glory I'm stowed for all time.

FRENCH RIDDLES.

1. Je suis capitaine de vingt-quatre soldats ; et sans
moi Paris seroit pris. Que suis-je ?
2. P. \bar{a} ; G. a.
3. (Charade.) Mon premier est le premier de son
espèce ;
Mon second est sans second :
Hélas ! comment vous dirai-je mon tout ?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

Charade. — Matrimony. *Charade on two words.* — 1. Current. 2. Currant. *Double Acrostic.* — Foundation words : Peddler, Blarney. Cross-words : 1. Proverb. 2. Earl. 3. Diana. 4. Deer. 5. Leman. 6. Evangeline. 7. Rokeby.

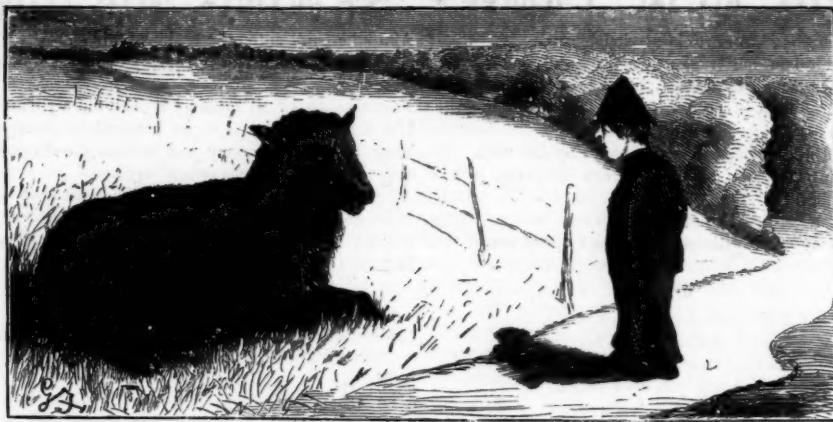
ILLUSTRATED CHARADE. — A WORD OF TWO SYLLABLES.



FIRST SYLLABLE

SECOND SYLLABLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20



Mother Goose Melodies.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

MUSIC BY CHARLES MOULTON.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you a-ny wool? Yes, kind sir, three bags full,—

One for my master, one for my dame, And one for the lit - tle boy that lives in the lane.

W. W. D.

THE MOON IN AN ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE

SEAS.

Sea of	Tempests	B 3-5
"	Showers	D 2
"	Vapours	F 3
"	Cold.	G 1
"	Serenity	H 4
"	Tranquillity	I 6
"	Crises	L 5

RING MOUNTAINS.

Plato	D 1
Cassini	F 2
Aristoteles	G 1
Posidonius	H 3
MOUNTAIN RANGES.	
Appennines	F 4
Caucasus	G 2

Alps

Taurus	I 4
Aristarchus	B 4
Kepler	b 6
Copernicus	C 6
Linnaeus	G 7
Proclus	K 3



A

B _b

C

D

E

F

G

H

I

J

K

L

SEAS.

Sea of Humors	b 9
" Clouds	C 8
" Nectar	I 8
" Fecundity	L 7

RING MOUNTAINS.

Grimaldi	A 7
Gassendi	b 8
Schickard	b 10
Ptolemaeus	E 7

MOUNTAIN RANGES.

Pyrenees	J 8
CRATERS.	
Tycho	D 10
Theophilus	I 8

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

U OF M